

VARIOUS HUGHES

Reminiscences of the

Family of

WILLIAM ROBERT HUGHES

1864 — 1941

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BIOGRAPHY
OF
WILLIAM ROBERT HUGHES
M. A. , Ph. D.
as recounted by
his family

FOREWORD

WILLIAM ROBERT HUGHES was born at Cookstown, Ontario on March 21st, 1864. As the hundredth anniversary of this date approached, it seemed to his sons and daughter that some suitable recognition of his birthdate might be made. After discussing the question, it was arranged that on the actual date, those in Ontario should meet at Cookstown to undertake a review of the areas which must have been familiar to him in his childhood.

This was accomplished, and while it was not possible to locate the actual house where he was born, the surroundings were noted, which were probably much the same then as they are now, except for some inevitable modern improvements.

The party then moved to Barrie, where they had dinner at the old Queen's Hotel, and spent some time discussing their recollections and feelings about the occasion. They agreed to undertake the compilation of each one's recollections, with such additional material as could be obtained, so as to place on record a memorial of the occasion.

What follows, then, is the record of William Robert Hughes' history, as collected by his family, together with such other information as became available. No attempt at literary achievement is made, but it is hoped that from the straightforward account of the life of this Pioneer, some benefit might accrue to all interested.

LIFE WITH FATHER
as recalled by
FRANK RUSSELL HUGHES

Although predominantly English, my father's lineage contained a strain of Irish blood, introduced through his paternal grandfather, Robert Hughes, whose parents migrated from Ireland to England about 1800, and settled in Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

Greatgrandfather Robert Hughes was born there in 1812, and at the age of 25, or in 1837, migrated to Canada with his wife and young family. The voyage was made in a sailing vessel, which is said to have taken seven weeks to make the westward passage. A noteworthy event of the voyage for the family was the birth at sea of my grandfather's sister, Elizabeth Brunswick - the latter name being that of the sailing vessel.

The family landed at Halifax and made the overland trip to York County, Upper Canada by immigrant wagon. They farmed at Richmond Hill for a few years, and then moved north to Simcoe County, settling on land in Innisfil Township. The family consisted of four sons: Robert Martin, my grandfather), Nathaniel, Elijah and John; and three daughters: Elizabeth Brunswick, Mary Anne and Emily; and these latter became, respectively, Mrs. Albert Lynn, Mrs. John Sawyer, and Mrs. George Peacock.

Greatgrandfather was a staunch Methodist, a local preacher, and one of the stalwarts of the old Innisfil Circuit. Natur-

ally, he brought up his family in the Methodist tradition.

At Richmond Hill he had joined the Militia formed to repress the Mackenzie Rebellion, and although no actual engagement fell to his lot, he bore a memento of this service in three broken fingers, the result of an accident with one of the old muzzle-loading muskets issued to the volunteers. (See photograph of Robert Hughes with deformed fingers on right hand. This musket is now in possession of Warrington J. Hughes, 99 Owen Boulevard, Willowdale.)

Robert Hughes lived to see his family all well established for themselves, and died January 15, 1884 at Innisfil, aged 72. He is buried in S.W. corner of Churchill Cemetery under a handsome memorial shaft of red granite, provided by his grandsons, (including William Robert and George Albert) and inscribed.

In his youth Grandfather Hughes was wise enough, or fortunate, to master two trades, those of coopering and plastering. With two trades he was able to keep employed winter and summer. He spent the winter months in a cooper shop. These were the days when coopers began with the rough stock and performed each operation of hewing, shaping, and finishing the staves, hoops and ends, to the finished product, - flour or apple barrels, water butts, churns, tubs, pails, and many other needed products.

In summer he worked as a plasterer, and a good one, too. One well-remembered

job was the plastering of the stations along the newly built Grand Trunk branch from Barrie to Gravenhurst.

In 1860 he was married in Toronto to Eleanor Deadman, member of a family who had emigrated from England in 1850. Their children: Emily Eleanor, 1862; my father William Robert, 1864; Mary Elizabeth, 1866; Martha Ida, 1868, and George Albert, 1873, were all born at Cookstown. In 1874 the family moved to Barrie and remained there for eight years.

Stirred by the tales told by returning travellers from the 'North-West', of wonderful prairie homesteads and boom conditions, Grandfather Hughes decided to go West to take up land. In the Spring of 1881 he set out for Winnipeg with my father - then seventeen years of age.

The journey was made by way of the Grand Trunk to Chicago, thence to St. Paul, and northwest into St. Boniface over the St. Paul & Manitoba Railroad, and across the Red River by ferry into Winnipeg.

When they saw the new construction on every hand and heard of scarcity of labour and high wages, the thought of homesteading was shelved and Grandfather immediately set up as a plasterer, his skill and experience enabling him to command top wages.

That summer he and a partner worked on the new City Hall. They installed the decorated ceiling in the Council Chamber and other main rooms of that ornate building. He

made his own moulds for flutings, rosettes and cornices, and was highly complimented on the excellent workmanship. He also worked on the Provincial Government buildings, The Queen's Hotel, St. Andrew's Church, and later took the contract for the plastering of First Methodist Church, Brandon. For the first few weeks my father clerked in Parsons & Richardson's book and stationery store, but, attracted by the high wages paid lathers, a trade he already had fairly learned, he went to work lathing, and before the season was over was running a gang of young Icelanders.

In the Fall, Grandfather Hughes, foreseeing cessation of work when winter came, joined a party of land-seekers and set out with them on foot to look for homesteads. After walking 350 miles, he finally selected a homestead on the north half of Section 14, Township 1, Range 24 West, not far from the U. S. border, and about four miles south of the site of the present town of Goodlands, Manitoba. At the same time he arranged to have the south half of the same section held until my father should be old enough to file on it. He then turned back to Winnipeg and on to Barrie, where my father had preceded him.

In the early Spring of 1882 grandfather sold his property in Barrie and again came West with my father, who had meantime finished his courses at the Barrie Grammar School. Along with a German emigrant, Herman Manz, they secured a yoke of oxen, shipped them to Brandon, and then drove out to the homestead by way of Old Deloraine

where the Land Office was located; my Father making entry for his homestead on the way out.

Arrived in the Promised Land at last, they began getting out logs from the nearby Turtle Mountain, and erected a small cabin for Mr. Manz, and made it livable. In the meantime, the three of them tented together. Grandfather and my father then arranged to go back to Winnipeg where work was still plentiful, leaving Manz to do the initial breaking required by homestead regulations. They were back in Winnipeg only a short time when they met Manz on the street and were disappointed to learn that he had become so lonely, after breaking only four or five acres, that he had sold the oxen and left.

In June of 1882 the rest of Grandfather's family arrived, and were quartered in a rented house until September, when Grandfather and Grandmother with the two youngest, Ida and George, set out for the homestead by train to Brandon, and in a wagon drawn by oxen the 85 miles to the new land. The two older girls worked in Winnipeg until freeze-up, as did my father, and then went to the homestead, where they were soon busy finishing the house and stable and getting a store of wood ready for the winter's fuel.

The next Spring three acres of crop were sown, and all the land broken up that long days and one yoke of oxen could turn over. For the next six or seven years my father spent part of each winter hauling

grain with sleigh and oxen to Brandon, a round trip of 170 miles, usually taking six days. In the Fall of 1887 Grandfather had the misfortune to lose his house and stables and all his winter feed by prairie fire, which meant starting all over again.

He remained a farmer until 1898 when he retired to Deloraine. In August, 1898 Grandmother Hughes suffered a stroke and died in Brandon Hospital, August 28, 1899. She is buried in Deloraine Cemetery.

After her death, Grandfather remained in Deloraine until 1905. In the Fall of 1900 he married, in Winnipeg, a widow of Uxbridge, Mrs. Clarissa Forsyth. They returned to Ontario in 1905 and made their home in Uxbridge, where he died June 22, 1917, in his eighty-third year.

From 1882 to 1889 my father farmed his homestead and pre-emption, 320 acres, and helped on his father's farm until his younger brother, George, was old enough to share the work. Often he told us of those long treks to Brandon and back with two sleigh loads of grain, and how happy the settlers were when the C. P. R. reached Deloraine. Homestead regulations required the homesteader to reside on his own land a portion of the year, and for this reason my father had considerable batching experience, although we know he relied on his mother nearby for fresh bread and butter.

On a visit home he found his mother away nursing, and the girls also absent. On the back of the cold stove there was a

kettle full of meat stew. Father was hungry so he quickly set the fire going, and soon had the stew simmering. With lots of bread and butter and generous helpings of the stew he was soon feeling very comfortable. Leaning back, replete, he was startled to hear a step at the porch door. It was his dad, who was soon bemoaning the loss of a good portion of the 'stew' from which he had been rendering the badger oil, much prized by the settlers for oiling clocks and sewing machines!

Church services were soon being held in the district by pioneer Methodist preachers. After service the settlers used to linger to discuss the projected building of the C. P. R. extension west from Deloraine. They felt sure the line would run through their settlement, and had firmly resolved to stand together for a good stiff price for right-of-way land from the Railway. They were chagrined to find the C. P. Land Agents had been wily enough to stay well north of them, and buy land cheaply on more sparsely settled prairie farther north.

In the summer of 1889 my father was greatly moved by a visiting minister, the Reverend Dr. James Stewart of the faculty of Wesley College. While driving Dr. Stewart back to Deloraine, they fell into earnest discussion about the need for ministers, and my father stopped the horse, the two men got out on the ground, knelt and prayed. My father rose from his knees convinced of his call to the ministry.

As soon as the crop had been harvested,

he entered on his studies at Wesley College, Winnipeg, and was ordained in 1895. In later years he obtained his M A, and Ph.D. degrees.

Near the end of his first year in College he fell ill with typhoid fever, a common scourge in Winnipeg's earlier days, and dictated his answers to his examinations from his bed in hospital to a professor assigned for the duty. He passed

During probation he preached at Morris and later at Napinka, and still later at Yorkton, after the Manitoba & Northwestern had reached that frontier town. It then consisted of a few shacks, a R. N. W. M. P. Barracks, and Levi Beck's grist mill. From Yorkton he rode horseback to Sheho, an outside appointment.

Wesley College did not start with a set of buildings. The first classes were conducted in a business block down town. The students boarded where they could. My father with some other Theologs, took lodgings with the Sutton family who at that time rented the fine brick house on the corner of Euclid and Grove Street, recently vacated by James Ashdown. When built, it was said to be the finest house west of the Lakehead. James Ashdown was a pioneer tinsmith who founded the hardware business which made him a millionaire and a prominent figure in the life of Winnipeg for fifty years.

At this home my father met Ellen Jane (Nellie) Sutton, courted her and married her on July 17, 1896. The Suttons attended Zion

Church, where my mother was a Sunday School teacher. She was secretary to James Persse, a partner in the wholesale firm of Tees & Persse. Mr. Persse was a noted musician and choir leader for many years, and she sang in his choir.

After ordination, their first assignment was at Crandall, a hamlet west of Hamiota in Western Manitoba. After two years they were stationed at Thornhill in south-central Manitoba. During their stay there I, their first child, was born in Winnipeg on July 17, 1899. My brother Robert Fredrick, was born at Thornhill December 29th, 1900, and Albert Edwin at the same place, March 26th, 1903.

The next appointment was Stockton, Manitoba, where Raymond William arrived December 20th, 1905. After two years at Stockton the Stationing Committee placed us at Rapid City for two years. Margery Doris was born there, June 21st, 1908.

Our next move was to Treherne for the four years, 1908 to 1912. Here, for the first time, we moved into a new, roomy parsonage, with hot-water heating, gravity water supply and electric lights. True, the young Hughes boys pumped the storage tank full each Saturday morning; and the lights blinked five minutes to midnight and then went out at midnight; still, there was no denying we were at last "living it up"!

1911 brought the first break in our family when our mother, after a brief illness, succumbed to pneumonia on October 21,

1911, at the age of 42. She is buried in St. James Cemetery, Winnipeg. Over the years we have never forgotten the quiet excellence of our mother and her guidance.

From 1912 to 1914 my father served Gordon Methodist Church in Elmwood, Winnipeg, and during our stay there, married Susan Staples, a widow with no family, who devoted the rest of her life to continuing the rearing of the Hughes family.

During our stay in Elmwood, my father began to be bothered with asthma, and having a tendency to hypochondria, he took leave of Manitoba Conference for health reasons, and we left for Vancouver on August 5th, 1914, the day after Britain declared War on Germany.

The four Hughes boys were soon attending school in Vancouver and continued until March, 1915, when, bored with inactivity father bought a 15-acre fruit 'ranch' a few miles west of Mission City, stocked with a small house and barn, some fruit trees and berry canes, a horse, two cows, poultry - and plenty of cedar stumps.

Without losing a day of schooling, the four boys attended Mission City public and High Schools. Even with seven pairs of hands to pick raspberries, and a good crop of prune plums, and good prices from prairie grocer acquaintances, there was no money to be made in B. C. fruit farming. However, a magical recovery in health and a providential buyer soon turned father's eyes toward Manitoba and the ministry again. He attended

the Manitoba Conference in June of 1916, and when the final draft came from the Stationing Committee he found himself assigned to Gladstone. There we landed in July and were installed in the big rambling parsonage in time for school opening.

This house was a lovely summer home, but on the approach of cold weather we soon discovered we were in for a frim winter. The window frames were draughty, the furnace a reluctant dragon. For the next two years the Hughes boys sawed up a carload-17 cords of poplar firewood annually, as well as tending the driving horse morning and evening, and icing our hands with piano practice in the frigid parlour before school or after, week about.

Gladstone was the last place where father owned a horse. Horses, buggies and cutters, had been tools of his trade ever since he was ordained. He was an excellent judge of them, and would have been utterly ashamed to go on the road with anything less than an A-1 turn-out.

At any rate, when Conference in 1918 decreed that we should go west to Newdale, he bought a Chevrolet 490 Model, and sold his equippage with a sad heart.

When we settled in Newdale the need for the car was soon apparent. A full Sunday round of the three appointments called for 42 miles of travel: Cardale, 13 miles south in the morning; Montcalm schoolhouse, 8 miles north in mid-afternoon, and back to Newdale for evening service.

In the winter the car had to be docked, and a team of farm driving horses installed for their board. These, with an open cutter, made the Sabbath rounds. In stormy weather, the trip south to Cardale would be made on Saturday in daylight, and the balance of the trip completed on Sunday. It was a bitter day indeed which could force Father to cancel a service. All this was before the fashion of closed vans came in, equipped with a stove. These were a humane invention, and may still be met on back roads away from all-weather highways. Father was a bit scornful of such surrenders to soft living.

In 1921 we moved to Jubilee Methodist Church, Sturgeon Creek, in a district of small homes, far out Portage Avenue, and now engulfed in the City of St. James.

This was an ideal situation for us, as three sons were in College in Winnipeg, and one in Dental College in Toronto. We remained there until the summer of 1923, by which time the two eldest boys had graduated in Science and Arts, respectively, and the two younger boys were in Royal College of Dental Surgery, Toronto.

At his own request, Father transferred to London Conference and was stationed at Point Edward, Sarnia, where he took his congregation into Union, 1925. After the two years there, he was stationed at Sparta, in the St. Thomas district, and retired to London in 1930.

After a few years' residence in London, he decided he would be closer to his family

if he moved to Hamilton. Accordingly, in 1934 he bought a lot on Cline Avenue in Westdale and had a house built. There he lived in retirement until his death from cerebral thrombosis on December 23, 1941 aged 77 years and 9 months.

He was closely attached to Westdale United Church. In that Church today there is a beautiful window dedicated to his memory.

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SOME RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

After experiencing the excitement and hard work of boom days construction, what were my father's impressions of the life of a homesteader?

I think it is significant that he really told us very little of his farming years. He learned the hard way, for he lacked a farm background, and his father, too, was no farmer.

George, his brother, was nine years his junior, so it seems certain that my father had both homesteads - 640 acres, in his charge until George was able to take his full share of the work. By that time, father was about to change careers.

In those days Western farming was still Ontario farming transplanted -- small implements, two-horse plows, harrows, mowers, rakes and reapers. We can hardly conceive

now of the time and labour involved in doing anything on a farm, and on 640 acres it would certainly mean dawn-to-dark toil from Spring break-up until the snows of late Fall.

My father had some facility with grain binders, as he had learned to assemble them for his Uncle Nathaniel, a pioneer Massey Agent in Barrie. This stood him in good stead in his ministry. Wellington Bridgeman, a pioneer Methodist Minister in Manitoba, tells in his book "Breaking Prairie Sod" of the time an exasperated farmer, baffled by a knotter that would not tie sheaves, found that his sarcasm was wasted on preacher 'Billy' Hughes, who crawled through the barbed wire fence and soon had the machine working again -- and a friend won for life!

In J. S. Woodsworth's book, Mr. Woodsworth mentions discussing his theories while at College with 'Hughes'. Apparently they did not agree completely.

With farming experience, my father fitted well into a rural pastorate. He spoke the language, and he had a fine eye for horse-flesh. One of his proudest moments was when his pacing mare won a "First" for carriage class horses at Treherne Fair.

Treherne, to my mind, was the highlight of his ministry. There was a morning and an evening service in Treherne, and an afternoon appointment at Matchetville, six miles north. All of his services over the four years were very well attended.

The morning service was preceded by a Class Meeting, the last of its kind in my recollection. This class was led by an elderly gentleman, Mr. Rutledge, who read a scripture selection, led in prayer, and called on members to give their 'testimony'.

A peculiarity, innocent enough, of the old Classleader was that when he read the scripture, his spectacles well down on his nose, he would hesitate occasionally at an unfamiliar word and, after peering at it, explain: "It's a mislay of the type," and pass solemnly on with the reading.

The building of a new parsonage at Treherne brought out a hidden side of my father. To begin with, he insisted on his Board choosing plans prepared by a Winnipeg Architect, James Chisholm. When construction began, the local builder was baffled by these drawings, and quite disdainful of them. Father had enough building experience to insist that specifications be followed, and on two occasions the Architect had to come out and have partitions altered and the roof framing corrected. The end result was a fine structure that has sheltered succeeding pastors to this day.

Father's business acumen was such that he abhorred debt. His proud record was that although he often had gone to charges saddled with debt, he had always left them free of incumbrance. In his own affairs, he never bought anything he could not pay spot cash for.

Had he been in business he would have been a wealthy man. To begin with, he hung on to his farm for many years, eked out his salary, always low for a man with a family. Years before he left the West, he began the practice of buying a few lots at Conference time, on streets south of Portage Avenue in Winnipeg, beginning about Sherburn, and selling them in a year or so at a good increase as the city built westward. This proved a thoroughly sound scheme, and the growth of the city did not let him down.

Without being stingy, he still was thrifty. It will always be a mystery how he was able to clothe, feed, and educate five children to college graduation, tithe his salary, and not reach \$2,000 annual salary until near the close of his ministry, after his family had left home.

Father was methodical. He kept diaries from the time he entered on his ministry. While they recorded only his movements, his expenses and engagements, those from 1911 to 1941, with the exception of the years 1913 and 1914, are in the possession of Dr. R. W. Hughes, Goderich. Too few daily records are available for study. Nowadays, researchers have to depend on newspapers for surveys of the past.

What kind of a sermonizer was he? He wrote his sermons out fairly fully in notebooks, then put his headings and subheadings with the briefest notes, on a sermon card for use in the pulpit. These cards were about 5" by 8". His headings and subheadings

were underlined with red ink. He used Greek characters for God, Christ, and employed a sort of short-hand. E.g., for 'Christian' he would write 'Xian'. When he had his card carefully completed, he would go through his sermon, sotto voce, until he had its points memorized. The cards he kept, the notes he discarded. Years later he could pick out a card, and in an hour or so deliver essentially the same discourse that he had given years before.

He did not often "go to the Barrel" but, like all ministers, he had his favorites for special occasions. A Christmas service favorite was a reading of Hugh Pedley's story of the old Quaker who dreamed that he woke on Christmas morning, full of the joy of the Day, to find that the world knew nothing of the coming of Christ, and his city of Boston highly civilized - but entirely pagan. The story contained a scene from a recital of classical music, ending with the conductor bringing it to a close with a "brilliant and recherche finale." Father knew no French, and always rendered this as "recherk fine-aley". His boys may have shuddered, but the spell-bound country folk never winced.

He had a knack of selecting apt illustrations and they had a clinching effect in fixing the points in his auditors' minds. He would not approve of the sermons served up nowadays, logical and erudite, but without a single illustration to act as a peg on which to hang a thought.

MORE NOTES

I mentioned to Aunt Ida Morningstar one time that I had seen the house the family occupied before they came West from Barrie. She asked: "Dis you see the bay window with the flat top with a grill around it?" I had. "Well," said she, "your Dad pushed me off that into three feet of snow one Spring day." She said she hadn't been hurt but was considerably frightened.

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After the Ashdown's moved to their James Street home, Grandpa Sutton rented the old place which faced on Euclid, although the press gives a Grove Street number.

Our Dad became a boarder there, while a Wesley student, and courted our Mother. Soon after they were married, the Suttons had a chance to move into 133 Grove, and were happy to get away from a place that was so costly to heat, even with cheap cordwood and coal. The 133 Grove house was my birthplace. (It still looks pretty good. It has been raised up and is in fair repair.)

The last Ashdown residence was on Wellington Crescent, and is now Shrine Headquarters.

Our new City Hall is closed in on the site of the old one, and efforts are being made to renew run-down Main Street.

LIFE WITH FATHER
as recalled by
ROBERT FREDRICK HUGHES

The earliest conscious memories of home life begin with an event which I still picture clearly: I was dressed to go out in winter clothing, and waited with eagerness (and apprehension) for some other children to take me to school, in order to receive a vaccination. Who these others were, and what the occasion for this excursion, I do not know. Probably Frank went along, although I am sure Mother did not. This occurred at Thornhill, so I could not have been more than three, since we moved to Stockton in 1904. I have no recollection of any even there, but several of Rapid City. Amongst these one in which father put me on his huge chestnut horse, grazing on the roadside beside the Parsonage, and when the horse moved forward, I didn't, but fell off over the stern. Probably I was held and had my fall broken, but it was a terrifying experience.

I also remember our celebration of Frank's Birthday on July 17th, when we had a party in the yard, and drank lemonade from the white cups with green border, one of which had a flaw in the bottom. I disliked it because it looked like a worm. Dad had made a merry-go-round. A plank was balanced on a short post in the ground, by means of a hole in the plank which revolved on a spike driven in the top of the post; the top of the post was greased or soaped, and we spun around merrily on the ends. Other

children were occasionally invited in to play with us on this marvellous invention of Dad's, and many a whirl we took at it. Other games included the usual tag games, and especially in winter, sliding down the slope of the vacant lot next door on an oaken barrel-stave which soon became highly polished, through passing over a groove worn deep in the snow. This was the early forerunner of the ski, though we used only one to slide on, and I was reminded of the practice recently when seeing surfing on the waves of the Pacific in California.

I started to school in Rapid City, the year before we left (1907), and was put in Grade One; Miss Cleland was teaching. There is a picture of the class on the steps of the school, which shows the group - and is an example of the bare, utilitarian school common in Manitoba in those days.

Of Father I have few memories, at that early date, since he was there, and working at his ministry, and in and out, I suppose, but a boy's Mother is more in his thoughts since she looks after most of his needs and training, Father appearing mostly to give orders, and chastise for misdemeanors.

I remember one of the latter incidents. Our neighbour, who had a Jersey cow, was the subject of envy, since we had only 'Milkman's Milk' (5¢ a quart), while Mother often said how she would love to have some 'Jersey cream' for a treat. Once when she was indisposed, Frank and I thought that if she could only have some of this wonderful elixir, she would recover at once. So, we

went over to the lady's Kitchen door, and politely asked for some, though we knew we shouldn't have. She obliged with a small pitcherful when we explained the necessity of this, and felt that our diligence being in such a good cause, we would be rewarded by the return of our dear Mother's health. Alas, she was embarrassed by our deed, and Father took a hand in our punishment.

My most resplendent memory of this period was the arrival of a great motor car in town, which was the feature of a parade through town, with frequent stops for exhortations by Father, and the visiting supporter on the subject of "Banish the Bar!" Since I was a passenger in the car, I felt like a Hero, and felt there was nothing like a Temperance Campaign to bring life to the town!

I remember faintly the town in the valley, and recall the chuckles when Father came home and told how "Old Man Fallis" had been struck and almost buried by snow sliding off a downtown roof. He was a grey-bearded character who was given to expressing his opinions, mostly contrary to those of the Methodist Church.

I never felt much personality until we moved to Treherne, where I quickly became one of a group of four school boys: Charlie Mallock, Athol Moore, Bill Delgaty and myself. We worked and played together, at school and after. Lacrosse was our favorite game, as rugby is now, and we had many exciting games on the playgrounds. When school was out, or when lacrosse was out of

season, we played 'knobby'. The telephone wires of most small towns in Manitoba were festooned with the dangling rubber rings which had been elevated by a wild throw. And in the Spring we played "dibs" and "alleys" for keeps, too, though we did not boast of it at home.

We were in the same school classes, though Dad had his misgivings about their families and backgrounds, since none of them were Methodists, nor particularly high class. However, the inclusion of Scotty Staples and Howard Lee in the 'gang' mixed the tone of the group, since Scotty's father was the Local M.P., and Howard Lee's people were substantial farmers, and Methodists. At this time, father was probably at the acme of his career, - active, energetic, well located in a good farming district, and popular with his people. During this time he was working on his Ph.D. extramurally with the University of Illinois, and went to Evanston in 1910 to take his examinations, from which he received his degree, Ph.D. to add to his M.A. from Wesley College in Winnipeg.

It was the Family's period of greatest stability and security, ending with Mother's illness and death in the Fall of 1911. Everything broke up then, and our happy childhood was over. I don't mean that we went to pieces morally or physically, but the shock to Dad's career was profound and his nature changed completely, from being a well-adjusted individual doing what he most wanted to do, to a harrassed, insecure head of a family of five growing children, who

suffered from the loss and deprivation of a Mother. The family made a difficult adjustment to a new stepmother who had no facility with, nor love for, children - but felt it her duty to bring them up strictly according to her 'lights'. She was to us particularly inept, and missed her cues at crucial tests, and I think realized that she had not succeeded in gaining the love of her stepchildren. Along with this, I have knowledge of the fact that she failed in her duty to her second husband, mainly through her idealization of her first. This was finally shown by her last wishes for her reunion with him, even though she had legally fulfilled the requirements of a wife, to the view of the community who regarded her as a saint. Little did they know the havoc she had created in our family from Father on down.

The first result of Mother's death was our leaving Treherne where we had been so happy, and moving to Elmwood, away from the environment which had so many sad memories for Father especially. Our housekeeper, Fannie Longley, was faithful, but limited in intelligence and culture, and was obviously out of her depth in serving the needs of the family. The city ministry was not to his liking, and his stress led to a so-called 'nervous break-down', causing him to resign and retire from the ministry for a period of two years, during the War. The family moved to Vancouver where, instead of getting away from his problems, he found himself living across the street from the brother of his wife, which association further complicated the situation. From this situation he escaped by moving to Mission City to a

small farm, where physical activity, hard farm labour, restored his health, and he was soon eager to resume his interrupted career. At the same time father was recovering his health, his wife was beginning to show signs of neurosis, with a physical basis of "female troubles" and presenting symptoms of peptic ulceration, which continued from then on for the remainder of her life until she again became a widow; thereafter, no further stress symptoms, and she lived on a further seventeen years in quite good health.

I recollect weeks of illness when living in Gladstone and afterwards, culminating in her almost fatal illness after moving to Hamilton, especially when on a trip to the West, and she was ill for weeks, both in Manitoba and after returning.

I was during our residence in Gladstone that I grew up: - I had the responsibility of the garden, and spaded and planted (with father's help) and hoed and harvested. Doing our part for the War Effort, I dug up the whole tennis court, formerly my lawn chore, and it was planted mainly to potatoes. In addition, I had the caretaking of the Church, the only paid job, spending Saturday morning dusting and getting in firewood, then up early Sunday to put on the fire, and keep it going all day - - and tidy up after services. My hero was Roy Fahrni, who, though a farmer, was a B.A. from Wesley, and my ambition for ~~and~~ education became fixed. Father became less of a forbidding figure and more of a friend, and urged rather than ordered, my developing ideas. During the

summer he felt that we would be better out of town, so Frank and I took jobs on neighbouring farms and earned our spending money at what was certainly hard labour and long hours. I was fortunate to find a happy home with Donald Adamson on the border of town, and cultivated corn for weeks on end, then took part in the harvesting and threshing experience for two summers. At the end of that time I had grown from 85 to 105 lbs., and felt that I was (almost) as good as any man, milking six cows, stooking all day, driving a team gathering sheaves and firing the straw-burning Case machine, or hauling water. Meantime, the family moved to Newdale, and I was left behind. Shortly after Hallowe'en (about Nov. 11, 1918) I took the "Spanish Flu" having by then moved to the farm of Roy Fahrni. I was one of the first in the district to fall ill with it, and the Doctor did not know much about its treatment. (Do we know any more now?) In any case, my illness was fortunately of short duration, and not attended by any complications. This, however, ended my work for the year, and as soon as I was able, I made my way by train to Newdale, to stay until College opened, on December 5th.

Frank and I attended Wesley together, but Frank had the misfortune to catch "flu" at the holiday, when he and I were working at Russell-Lang's Bookstore. He was far more seriously ill, and in the end was in poor health, and so below par for the rest of his college days.

He was also injured in an accidental explosion, while taking part in a chemical

demonstration in the Hallowe'en Parade, and nearly lost his eyesight as a result. Father had to make a trip to Winnipeg, and make the decision whether the eye was to be removed or left, on the chance that it might recover. Fortunately it did, though it was a 50-50 break. Then Frank developed rheumatic fever the next summer, and spent some time in bed over that, though fortunately no heart lesion followed.

* * * * *

REMEMBERED INCIDENTS

School at Treherne - the basement at recess; Scotty Staples and his "Beanbags" Picking cranberries for Mother. The Swimming Hole after school. Frank and I had a 'cave' on the hill. Oatmeal and raisins - raisin biscuits. Gleaning wheat after harvest. Picking Lady Slippers in the woods in Spring. Hunting laid-away(?) hen's nests. The Garden. Summer holidays at Delta - driving to the ferry, then the train to Portage - visiting Aunt Martha. Living in a tent on the Beach. Frank and I spent only one summer holiday there, and Oh! how big those weeds were when we got back - first experience with ragweeds. The patch of artichokes. Frank delivered groceries for Trowsdale & MacDonald's - the new bike-riding under the bar and tearing holes in my black woollen stockings, hidden in the bottom of the darning basket.

The old Parsonage at Treherne; plans for a new one. The accident with the lamp. Bert's fall and unconsciousness. Dr. Lamont, his

daughters and son Laurie - medical student - bracing on a tree - practised until perfect. Getting in the winter firewood - conveyor system with four conveyors. Church with Mother winter Sunday evenings - falling asleep on her shoulder snuggled against the fur cape. Hallowe'en pranks - a loaded wagon on the Church roof.

The Staples' new car - family ride in the evening - the return. Playing hockey all day on a log on the Boyne - sunburn was enough punishment. Attic bedroom with high dresser - getting mumps all together.

Visit in summer to Goodlands; going from Aunt Ida's to the Frank Meggison's; Alvin, Frank, etc., and finally to Nathaniel Hughes where Frank and I chased a baby rabbit on the plowing until we were exhausted. The wonderful tool-house with the police 'Clacker'. Father and Uncle Harry Morning - star churning for Aunt Ida - the lid not clamped down, and the cream lost. The cherries - can you swallow one whole?

Christmas at Grandfather's. Night train to Winnipeg; the arc-lights as we came near the city. Arrival at 133 Grove - bedding all the kids; Aunt Jessie, Master of Ceremonies. When the Spinks arrived from across town we were really packed four in a bed, and two mattresses on the floor. Grandma Sutton and her tattling - strong-minded - ruled the household, even after she became bedfast. Doctor Popham's visits. After Christmas the ride accross the City from Grove Street to Spinks in a hansom cab with Aunt Lou - the height of

elegance - though it smelled strongly of the livery stable - trying to look out the small windows as we passed along the streets.

Hard tack and pemmican Father brought home from Hudson's Bay Company store in Winnipeg to Treherne.

Saturdays were holidays - Frank had a job delivering, but I was too young, so could wander (Dad was not to be disturbed). I frequented the back doors of the stores, and became familiar with the harness-shop, and learned how harness was made. The Bake shop - and saw how they made that wonderful "baker's bread": high and narrow, and light. Not that it was nearly as good as Mother's big firm loaves with the wonderful crusts, especially when eaten fresh with jam or honey. Also saw the back room of the Butcher-shop, and helped (!) make sausage. Later went into business as telephone messenger boy, with Frank to help out. We got a dime for a message, no matter how long a journey, and had many runs, as Mabel Stark, the Chief Operator, boarded at our home, and often called us.

Winter at Treherne was exciting, as we had our sleighs, and after school, until dark, were out on the hill across the Boyne Creek, riding up and down. The hill had a sharp drop, then a short rise and a longer slope to the Creek, giving a thrilling ride, singly, double or tandem by hitching two or more together. Once we got bolder, and placed an arc of steel, remains of an implement wheel, so as to run under it. It was quite low, and on one trip I must not have zeroed in

on the best place , or else I raised my head too high , but in any case , I caught my head on the edge , and came to grief. Fortunately I had a good thick toque on , but still have the groove in my skull. Another feat was to make a jump , by placing an old door on the hill , supported at the outer end by blocks of wood , and take off in space on running out on it.

Another pastime was to 'hook on' to a farmer's sleigh down town and ride out as far as we wished or had time for. We hoped to 'hook on' a return ride , but usually had to walk home , since the 'Five o'clock rush' was going only one way. There was no danger , and the team did not feel the added weight.

We left Elmwood at the end of June 1914 and lived for a month on Maryland Street , near Ellice Avenue. During that summer the big news was of the murderer Krafchenko (or 'Kerfanko' as we called him) who was in hiding , for weeks. Many false news stories were published , before he was eventually discovered in the Security Storage Warehouse.

Also recollect the "Swat the Fly" campaign in the City. A reward was given per hundred flies turned in to the authorities , and all the kids were eager to get in on the money. This was a belated effort to deal with a public health problem that badly needed attention. Witness , the typhoid epidemic of 1912-13 when Margery nearly lost her life , and many did. At that time the City got its water from its Artesian wells , but the contamination of a growing city finally made this such a menace to health that it forced the

construction of a fresh water pipe from Rainy Lake, 91 miles east of the city.

I was never a resident of Newdale, as I was working for Donald Adamson at Gladstone the summer of 1918 when the family moved to Newdale, and I elected to stay there until College opened. As it happened, the "Spanish Flu" broke out. College opened but closed almost at once, and I remained on the Farm. In the meantime the War finished; I moved to stay with Roy Fahrni, as Mr. Adamson was finished with me, then before I had worked enough to earn anything I got the "flu" - fortunately a mild case, but I was too weak to do anything. Then I took the train for Newdale, where I was regarded with suspicion as a possible 'carrier'. Soon we received news that College was opening again and Frank and I went off to Winnipeg to stay at Wesley.

When home for Christmas the next year, 1919, Father invited me to accompany him on his morning drive to Cardale. It was very cold; the shaggy horses were steaming and covered with frost, while pulling the top cutter with wood screen. I had on a muskrat-lined broadcloth coat, as well as my own suit and underwear, and moccasins, and Father had his usual outer dress with a big coon coat. We had a charcoal heater and heavy buffalo rugs, and even though the heater was so hot when we arrived at Cardale that we had to dump it in the snow, I must say I felt the cold very keenly. Father

was enured to it from long exposure, and seemed never to mind it.

* * * * *

Summer of 1927 - I was out trying to sell 'We are ever' Aluminum. Gus Donaldson, my partner, and I had combined our resources and bought a 1917 Dodge for the enterprise. It took us two full days through the mud to go from Winnipeg to Rapid City, our Sales Headquarters. At Crandall I enquired at a farm home for directions, and on learning my name the farmer regaled me with the story of Father and his fine team, Barney and Maud, the finest in the district.

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LIFE WITH FATHER
as recalled by
RAYMOND WILLIAM HUGHES

My earliest recollections of home life are rather spotty and disjointed, as are most childhood memories, but I will relate them as nearly chronologically as they come to me.

First earthly recollection indelibly impressed upon my mind was of a clear, cold blustery Spring day in Rapid City, Manitoba: Mother, Bert and I were on the way to Sunday School past the Mill Pond, when the wind blew my hat out onto the ice. Mother instructed us to stay on the bank NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENED while she retrieved the vagrant headgear. I recall my great relief when she returned from the thin ice safe and sound.

Next recollection was also in Rapid City on a warm Spring day when Mother and I returned in the buggy from taking Father to the train. Mother stopped the buggy on a grassy plot by the barn, swung me down by one arm, and then unhitched the horse and took him into the stable. I was greatly impressed at the time by the ease with which she and the horse surmounted the very high step onto the stable floor - it was up to my middle!

My early Treherne recollections are not of any vast historical significance, except the growth of a rebellious tendency illustrated by a ding-dong battle in the

square porch on the south side of the house when Ma tried each Sunday to put on my flat leather sailor hat with the ribbon hanging down the back, and send me off to Sunday School. Well, I was the fourth boy, and maybe I was supposed to have been a girl. (I wore the hat!)

Many memories of Mother's death and funeral, the most lasting of which was Father's winning an argument with Aunt Jessie, and taking us upstairs to see Mother in her death throes. The last time I saw Aunt Jessie I mentioned it, and she still hadn't forgiven him, but I can't say it had any lasting ill-effect on myself. Then the funeral at 133 Grove Street, Winnipeg, and a ride in a horse-drawn cab -- all deep and lasting memories!

My only recollection of Grandfather Hughes was of his visiting the new house in Treherne, I believe after Mother died. I can recall only a gnome-like little man with a black beard and a great agility, enjoining me sharply to stand well back while he sawed and split a huge pile of firewood. The task completed, he took off for home back in Ontario.

Then came Miss Longley, nominally in charge of house and fire. We thought her a bit eccentric, but perhaps she would not have stuck it out for two or three years had she been normal!

Then 201 Poplar Avenue, Elmwood, where I spent most of the first summer holidays holed up in the attic with the

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I recall the incident of Haley's Comet, though i can't swear that I observed it. Also, I vaguely recall King Edward VII's passing. High on the list of remembered events was when Clement Staples' new car stalled on a hill outside of town, backed up and tipped over.

Due to Mother's poor health, I was sent in to Grandmother's in Winnipeg to spend the 1911-12 school year, so was absent during her illness and death. I thought it a great privilege to be chosen to go, but suspect that I was the one they could best do without!

It seems to me that Elmwood may have been one of Father's most satisfying appointments, because of the predominance of men interested in the work of the Church. His Men's Bible Class was a source of great joy to him. He seemed always happier amongst men, - or better still, men and horses. Just before we left Winnipeg, Dad took us to the Exhibition (the last held there?) and we had a gala day. Great hilarity when the weight and occupation. The combination of good physique, well-developed shoulders and legs, but soft hands puzzled him, till he finally decided he was a Postman!

A world cruise today would not be as much of an adventure as the family's trip by Pullman to Vancouver at the outbreak of

the first War. Father enjoyed renewing acquaintances with retired farmers and ministers who had gone West from the Prairies, but had not enough to keep his mind off himself until plans began for the move to Mission City. He greatly enjoyed, and admired, Rev. Fred Langford, our Minister in Grandview Methodist Church. He also took us down to English Bay for a dip in the Ocean on New Year's Day.

Father threw himself into the work on the little fruit farm, with great vigour and enthusiasm. His early experience on the farm served him well, and there was a lot to learn in the fruit business. He made some of the neighbours' efforts look pretty half-hearted. It was a quick and sure way back to good health, and as I look back on it, it was a rich experience for us all.

Gladstone was a busy, and pretty satisfactory, period for the family. The Churches gave Dad pleasure, and good friends were made. War was still on, and his task in such a time of anxiety and bereavement made him feel useful. The Parsonage was probably the coldest we ever occupied. Though we boys grumbled about the time spent cutting firewood, tending the horses, and cleaning the Church, we were probably a lot more comfortable than in the cold parlour doing piano practice. I was taken into Church membership while in Gladstone.

Newdale, where we went in 1918, was another rewarding pastorate for Father. Certainly the village was small, but there

were good active Church members, and the Dennison family stands out as one of great loyalty and enthusiasm. The two winters of the serious 'flu' epidemic tested Dad's powers of endurance, as he would often be away visiting the sick for two or three days at a time. At home we came through unscathed, but I recall that catching up with School after having it closed for weeks was difficult.

When we had come to Newdale, Father found that the previous Church Organist - a school teacher, was not returning, so he blithely volunteered the services of his 15-year old son. Needless to say, I was up in arms, but Dad being the sort he was, I grounded arms just as quickly, and dutifully played for practice and Church till I left home. The Dennison boys, and Harry Osborne - their hired man - became interested in forming an orchestra, so within a year we had a "S.S. Orchestra", comprising Cornet, Trombone, Clarinet, Piccolo and Piano. Whether we assisted or detracted from worship is still in doubt.

Both winters before I left, the three males at home found time for a few days' cutting poles, - poplar and tamarac, up near Montcalm, for the year's fuel. Mother made up huge lunches, and we boiled tea in the bush and really enjoyed it. Dad was pretty good with an axe. I thought we cut enough to heat our side of town, but the parsonage stoves used it all. I was head stable boy, too, and by now am ready to admit that I enjoyed looking after the team of drivers we kept each winter, loaned to

us by Bob Dennison.

The rink was on the edge of a slough about 100 yards from the back of our lot. It afforded great entertainment, skating and curling. One Spring "The Birth of a Nation" that epic picture came, and the only place it could be shown was in the Rink. Wooden benches were erected, and the place was packed, but since the dirt floor still held the wet from the recent ice, and was low ground anyway, there must have been tons of mud carried out that night on people's shoes. I also seem to remember that Dad made out a sermon from that picture.

I left the home roof in September of 1920 and, arrayed in my first long trousers, took off for Toronto. I still marvel that Dad felt such an immature kid would make out at all, but when my turn came to send our own lads out in the same way, I understood it a little better. Helping them to get their preparation for life, also seemed to be the first concrete payment on the debt owed to Dad, though his sacrifice was much greater, for which I will be forever grateful.

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by the score; three brothers off to College, leaving Margery and me to sweat out their inconsiderate profligate financial excesses; summer farm jobs at William Yule's, Alex Lawrence's, John Craig's, Tom Cox's, etc.

Then the school closed for weeks by 'flu epidemic. Frank injured his eye in a University Hallowe'en Parade, then nearly died of pneumonia; then in 1921 Bert and I and the Gameys off to Winnipeg by train, after the summer farm work, - Bert to R. C. D. S. Toronto, and me to Wesley College in Winnipeg, and our new home in Sturgeon Creek.

From then on everything in the last forty years is of a more adult nature, and not having the same "Life with Father" significance.

As I remember Father, he was honest and sincere in his religious faith, not given to resounding religious platitudes, but with many interesting stories from his many varied experiences; and he was scrupulously honest in his business transactions.

He was possessed of great talents as a home handyman and improviser, and had a sound practical knowledge of construction work which served him well in many a Parsonage and Church construction project.

He taught me many handy carpentry methods by practical example, and I early learned that some slight hesitation on my part would result in the job being done, and to his satisfaction, by himself!

Father was a bit impatient with children - they were to speak when spoken to, and not be too forward. This was not a personal quirk, but a Victorian precept. The result is a family of five who have had to overcome as best they could the lack of facility in self-expression and leadership. However, we had deeply ingrained in us the fundamentals of thoroughness and honesty, which has to a great degree compensated for any inherent deficiencies in leadership and ease of expression.

However, although all five have followed a pattern as expected of dominant parents, he wanted nothing more from us than that we should, as he so often stated: "Leave the world a better place because of having been there."

Because of his influence on us, he still lives through us, and to quote the last stanza of John L. McCreary's poem "There is No Death" read at Stepmother Hughes' funeral:

'And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life -- there are no dead!'



ROBERT HUGHES

Born - October 10, 1812
Died - January 15, 1884



PHYLLIS EMILY MARTIN HUGHES

Born - July 1808
Married - Robert Hughes
March 29, 1832
Died - July 1895

LIFE WITH FATHER
as recalled by
MARGERY DORIS HUGHES

My first memory of Life with Father begins with the sad day in November 1911 when our Mother passed away. Father sat distracted and weeping, in the study of the Methodist Parsonage in Treherne, Manitoba, with my brothers in his embrace. Being scarcely three and one-half years of age I could not comprehend the significance of this disaster, and I recall standing aside in bewilderment.

During the next several months, (which were partly spent in Winnipeg with my Grandparents) I contracted Typhoid Fever, and Aunt Jessie nursed me through this period. I had recovered somewhat when the day came, in October 1912, that Father and his new bride were to arrive at 133 Grove Street, having just returned from their wedding trip. Aunt Jessie had me all scrubbed and polished, and in my Sunday-best dress. We watched at the bay window until they appeared a couple of blocks away, and I skipped down the street to meet them. But in my excitement, I missed the first curb I came to, and fell flat on my face - and dress - in a puddle which had been left by a recent shower. Despite my dampened decor - and dress - I remember the very warm greeting I received, and that Father picked me up and carried me back to Grandpa's, while I regaled them with news items of my life at '133', among these being the important fact that Aunt

Jessie said I had "Tacks". I learned later that this word should have been "Attacks".

I was soon to go 'home' to 201 Poplar Avenue, and recall little of my life there, except for the humiliation of my first (remembered) spanking. One Spring day, Carrie Bragg, a little friend whom I had acquired, undertook to demonstrate to me how to plant a flower garden. There was a lovely stretch of soft black soil in front of our house, and we both worked diligently with our little spades. Little did I know that Father had just very recently gone through this whole procedure in the same location, and was, to say the least, very much upset when he discovered that we had dug up his freshly planted flower garden! I well recall how I wished Carrie could share my punishment, as I felt that it wasn't ALL my fault that his flower garden was upturned! A short time later I remember Father building me a nice swing in the basement - doubtless in the hope of discouraging further gardening efforts on my part.

In 1914 Father had a breakdown in health and was given two years' sick leave from the Manitoba Conference. Just before leaving for British Columbia for this period, Father preached a few weeks for the Minister of Maryland Church in Winnipeg, and we moved into the Parsonage there. My only recollection about the house was a full-length mirror on a stand in the upstairs hall. One night, after we had all been sent to bed, Eert was performing antics before the mirror when a guest (Aunt Maggie Clinkunbroomer) appeared from nowhere, and

Bert exclaimed in horror; "GOOD NIGHT!" and Aunt Maggie replied sweetly 'Good night, Dear!' There was great giggling behind closed doors over Bert's embarrassment.

On August 4th, 1914, which was a Sunday, I well remember my astonishment over seeing newsboys selling papers on the street and calling "War Declared!" Father explained when I asked him what "War" was. Soon after that day, we all boarded a train for Vancouver - seven of us, and the canary in its cage. We must have been a great source of curiosity to the other passengers. It was in the heat of summer, and I remember Father treating us all to ice-cream cones on a station platform somewhere in Saskatchewan. It was my very first cone, and I didn't know any better than to start at the small end of the cone, with disastrous results! and no one offered me a refill! That was one mistake I have never since repeated!

Arrived in Vancouver, Father spent some little time finding a house for us to live in - I think we stayed with the John Corbett family until a landlord was located who would countenance a family of five small children despite Father's assurances of model behaviour on our part. Finally, a house was secured, and the Landlord, who lived across the street, was duly impressed when he watched Father guiding the furniture through the front door ever so carefully in order not to mar the door jamb.

We stayed only six months in Vancouver, as constant appeals for father to preach at nearly every Church service were not

giving him an opportunity to regain his health. Father purchased a 15-acre fruit ranch about two miles from Mission City. He bought a cow, some chickens, and a horse named Dolly, who was forever stumbling on the hills and breaking her harness. The principal crop was raspberries, with some blackberries, and the seven of us were commandeered to pick berries, which were taken in the wagon to Mission by father and sent off to Vancouver by freight train for marketing. We lived on the ranch for over a year, and then Father moved us in to the town of Mission City, where we lived in a house which was partly on stilts since it was on a steep hill. The house used to shudder when the winds blew, but the view of the Fraser River and the Flats was magnificent, with Mount Baker and its snow-capped peak glistening in the distance.

In June of 1916 Father, having recovered from his malaise, received an appointment by the Manitoba Conference to go to Gladstone and Keyes on July 1st. So we were all packed up again, with still the same canary, and returned to Manitoba by train. During our two-year sojourn in Gladstone, stringent economies had to be faced, as money was scarce and food staples such as flour and sugar were highly priced due to war shortages. One of our memories of Gladstone was that some of the Church members unfairly criticised father for the apparently lavish way he spent money on Mother's clothes - as she was always well and expensively dressed. Little did they realize that these clothes belonged to a different

era, and had been carefully protected and mended during the years she had been in our family. However, to quell criticism, she disposed of her silks, satins and mink, and thereafter wore only long black skirts and white starched shirtwaists with high embroidered collars, pinned at the throat with a large brooch. This was apparently more acceptable to the ever-watchful officials of the Methodist Church, and until Father left the Manitoba Conference to move to Ontario in 1923, there was no deviation in Mother's wearing apparel.

We lived in Sturgeon Creek in the west end of Winnipeg, from 1921 to 1923, during which time father preached in Jubilee Methodist Church, and held the office of Secretary of the Manitoba Conference. It was during this period that I was taken into Church membership at the age of 12.

In the summer of 1923 father was transferred at his own request to the London Conference, and we drove 1,508 miles in a new Chevrolet from Winnipeg through Chicago to Point Edward, which was to be our home for the next three years. One amusing incident I recall during our stay in Point Edward, was a party at Finch's, quite some distance to the north of the parsonage. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Silcox (School Principal and his wife) escorted me to and from the party, and deposited me safely at our gate around 11 P.M. I entered the house, locked the door, and was in bed almost asleep when I heard father grumbling about something and tramping downstairs and out the door. About this time, Mother opened my bedroom

door, but I was too sleepy to notice, and the next thing I heard was Father storming back into the house - quite some time later - saying he had gone to Finch's and wakened them to ask where I was. They had assured him that I had left long since with the Silcox's. Then he had gone to their door and wakened them, only to be informed that they had left me at our gate and couldn't understand how I could be lost. And Mother was pointing out to him that I was in bed and asleep before he had even started out after me. I really enjoyed this escapade, but felt a bit frustrated, since Father said nothing whatever to me about it the next morning - or ever - and there was no opportunity for an argument!

During all these years, whether of necessity, or of pure delight in using his goodly share of sound business acumen, Father was wisely buying and selling both property and industrial stocks. There may have been the odd small loss, but on the whole, Father's shrewd business sense was the means of deriving enough profit to enable him to keep his 'boys' in University a total of twenty-two years - plus a couple of years for Normal School, - and for me the best of Music Teachers and a year at Alma College. He must have known that some time in our lives we would realize what a great debt of gratitude we owed him, albeit we may not have shown him much at the time.

Father always kept careful accounting of his moneys in his diaries, and sometimes his yearly salary did not seem sufficient for living expenses, but he managed always

to make ends meet. The highest salary he ever made was one year in Newdale when he was granted the princely sum of \$2,300 for a year's work. He always studied the financial pages carefully, and 'investigated before investing'. In later years his advice was sought out by many of his brothers in the preaching profession, one in particular being Rev. Judson Kelly, who had been very unfortunate in some of his business transactions, and was facing a bleak future for himself and his wife for this reason. Father was able to give him counsel which was sound and profitable, and Mr. Kelly frequently mentioned his great gratitude to Father.

After three years at Point Edward, and four years at Sparta and Union, Father retired in 1930 and bought a house on Grosvenor Street in London, Ontario. On the day that he moved in, another Minister who had also just retired, moved into a similar house next door. This was the Rev. Judson Kelly, and the two became very close friends. Mr. Kelly was a rotund Irishman with a permanent merry smile. Often he would knock on the back door and ask Mother if 'Willie' could come out to play. Father would feign loss of dignity, but secretly enjoyed these visits. Once, on the way to Sarnia to visit Mary and Bert, Father met with an accident - a cow ran into and smashed the radiator of his car! - and he was unable to proceed farther. The next day, Mr. Kelly offered to go to the scene of the accident, which was 30 miles from Sarnia. Father thought he should tow the car to Sarnia for repairs, so

accepted Mr. Kelly's offer to tow the car the 30 miles to Sarnia. On the way from London to Wardsville (where sat the crippled car) Father explained fully to Mr. Kelly (who had never done any towing), exactly how to start up - gently - after the rope was attached, and how he must drive - slowly and carefully. So they arrived at Wardsville, found the car, attached the tow rope; Father took up his position at his own wheel, and gave last-minute instructions to Mr. Kelly before he got into his car to drive off. At the first jerk of the car, the rope broke, and Mr. Kelly, with never a backward look, drove on and on and on - carefully and circumspectly - never stopping or looking in the rear vision mirror until he arrived at the first stoplight in Sarnia -- thirty miles from Father -- who still sat well bunched and disbelieving over the steering wheel! Mr. Kelly finally showed up some hours later, after a worried return journey during which he had scanned all the ditches and sideroads for his fellow pastor. Neither of these men of the cloth ever recorded the resultant conversation which took place at this meeting, but we who are members of the Hughes family can well imagine a few fuming words well placed by Father at his friend's incredible absentmindedness! Once home, Father pledged secrecy of the whole affair, but Mr. Kelly thought it far too good a joke on himself to keep it quiet, and it was not long before the whole story, with great embellishments, appeared in the "Outlook" the Church periodical of the time.

In 1936 Father had a house built to his

own specifications on Cline Crescent in Westdale, Hamilton, and lived there until his death just before Christmas of 1941. He had many true friends among his ministerial brothers and members of the many Churches he had served in Manitoba and Ontario. I would like to quote from a letter written on behalf of the Union Church, one of his last charges before his retirement in 1930:

....."By your sympathetic contact in times of sickness, sorrow or death, by your helpful friendship in the ordinary daily life, and your whole-hearted sharing of the joys as well as the sorrows of your people, you have endeared yourself to the whole community. By your genial optimistic attitude to life, you have presented to all a cheerful Christianity. At all times our relations have been most harmonious. "Follow after the things which make for peace" has been the key note of life. The community at large have shared in your ministrations, and could not but feel assured that the Church cared for them.....In the pulpit your practical, forcible and able discourses, enriched by years of experience in contact with all phases of life, have inspired and helped us in the growth and development of the Christian life..... Your words came with weight, because your life backed it up. You have lived your Gospel among us....."

SOME RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

One memory of Life with Father was the daily period of 'Morning Prayers'. There was never a time in our life at home when we didn't ALL sit down together for meals -- there was an unwritten law that no one popped in, or out, during a meal and, of course, it was unthinkable that one of us might be late, or have an engagement important enough to warrant leaving the table early.

After breakfast Father always delegated one of us to bring his big Bible, and while we still sat in our places at the table he read a passage of scripture. Then we all dropped to our knees for prayers. Well do I recall peering through the back of my chair exchanging funny faces with Ray, or Bert, or whomever I might catch looking my way, just as long as I was not in direct line of vision with Mother which, of course, would have been fatal for me! Father prayed over us as a family, and over us as individuals - especially waxing eloquent if one of us was at the moment in some sort of conflict with parental ordinances. He dwelt with redundancy on our great need for conversion, and in general did his best to instil the 'Fear of God' in us poor sinning youngsters. And sometimes I think he succeeded all too well!

It was Father's custom at the close of Church Service, to pronounce a sonorous Benediction, with considerable 'ad libbing' thrown in, and while the East syllable of the last 'Amen' was ringing in our ears, he would make a fast getaway from the pulpit and gallop down the center aisle in order to reach the door for handshaking before his congregation raised their collective heads from prayer. Father usually performed this feat deftly and silently - no doubt the result of long practice, and also perhaps through his love of 'leading his sheep'. But there was one occasion, on a quiet Sunday morning in Union, when his performance almost met with disaster. Father delivered his usual pronouncement, sang out his 'Amen' in sure, clear tones, and charged down the steps of the platform, tails of his Prince Albert flying. As he reached the large round hot-air register, half-way down the aisle, he must have struck the edge of the cover with his heel -- it flipped up, and down went Father into the cavity! But up he came - just as quickly as he had descended - scowling at the cover as he replaced it -- and not one member of the congregation beat him to the door! Such was the 'Hughes' pioneer spirit of overcoming all handicaps!

One winter day while we lived in Point Edward, Mother received a wire from Fred, who taught in High School in Souris, Manitoba, saying he would arrive home on a specified train. While Father was puzzling over this unscheduled visit, another wire arrived for Mother, this time from Frank, who was then with C. N. Telegraphs in Winnipeg, asking her to wire Father's condition. Father hastened to wire back: 'Never felt better in my life', but Fred had already passed through Winnipeg and was soon calling in on Bert and Ray, students at R. C. D. S. in Toronto, advising them that he had been called home to attend Father's funeral! They were aghast to think they had not been notified! Soon Fred arrived in Sarnia, happy indeed to find Father in robust health, but sorrowfully licking the wounds of his pocket-book, since by the time he had paid for a replacement teacher, and purchased a return ticket from Souris to Sarnia, this had been a costly journey. Strangely enough, the solution was simple: I had a classmate - Margaret Hughes - who had just lost her Father. On enquiring, we found that Mrs. Hughes had wired her son, a Railway employee with terminal address of Souris, to come home immediately. The Telegraph Operator, knowing Fred and also that his parents lived in Sarnia, had delivered the wire to Fred with great alacrity and sincere condolences. He was not acquainted with the other "Hughes" and did not take careful note of the initials. Unfortunately, the other Hughes son did not return in time for his Father's funeral, but Father was highly gratified with the many letters which poured in from Western relatives and ministerial confreres telling Mother of their high esteem for dear, departed 'Brother Hughes'!

REMEMBERED INCIDENTS

The afternoons spent at 133 Grove, while Aunt Jessie and Grandmother Sutton sat tatting exquisite lace for doilies, etc.

Walking the mile and three-quarters from our ranch to school in Mission City - my four gallant brothers would race on ahead and leave me alone to navigate the rope bridge across the big gully where, with one misplaced step, I might have fallen through the foot-boards into the gully below!

Spending Christmas holidays while at Gladstone at the home of my Sunday-school teacher, Margaret Hammel. While there, they had a farewell party for Margaret's two brothers who were going off to War. My brothers Frank and Fred came to the party.

The old Maxwell car that Dennisons had in Newdale, and the many rides we used to have in it. Once I stood on the running-board all the way to school, and was frightened out of my wits, as Lorne Dennison was driving at such break-neck speed - probably all of 15 miles per hour! I chummed with Edith Dennison, and once when we were playing on the swing in the barn, the swing hit the windshield of the Maxwell, with shattering results. 'Uncle' Bob Dennison wasn't too happy about replacing it!

Going to Summer School at Shoal Lake during holidays. Dad was a Director of this Camp.

The long walk from our home in Sturgeon Creek to St. James Collegiate, and how tired I always seemed to be when time came for homework.

The wonderful summer I spent at Aunt Ida Morningstar's in Goodlands; Father had gone to Norway House on Hudson's Bay, and Mother

had gone East to visit her relatives for the summer.

The fun the Point Edward kids had on the street-car on the way to and from Sarnia Collegiate. We certainly monopolized the whole car, much to the Motorman's disgust.

Playing the Organ for Point Edward Methodist Church - Norm Kirkland with his glorious baritone voice (but doubtful morals) was Choir Leader, and was always a great problem for Father! I also played the piano for Sunday-school; we had a small but excellent Sunday-school Orchestra, led by a Mr. Victor Beebe, who was a fine violinist.

The time Father feted the Champion Point Edward Hockey Team at the Parsonage, with an Oyster Supper - only to discover that most of the boys didn't care for oysters! Father was so disappointed, as for him oysters were always a rare treat.

The beautiful rose-garden Father fell heir to when he bought the house at 294 Grosvenor Street in London, and the delight he took in caring for them.

::* * * * *

Father spoke with great pride of the "Hughes" lineage; he rejoiced in their accomplishments, and boasted of their role as pioneers in Canada. He kept in touch with his kinfolk in Simcoe County, and after moving to Ontario in 1923, often took Mother and me to "make the rounds" with him during vacations.

* * * * *

NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE

As we travel life's earthly road from Jerusalem to Jericho, may we be good Samaritans to all who need us, - cheering, healing, and fortifying them with true neighbourliness, with an unselfish love, remembering that love is the strongest thing in the world : stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death.

May the wistful call of the Eternal Tomorrow make us steadfast and faithful in the duties of today, until the day breaks, and the shadows flee away.

Thus may we with an unbroken confidence yield our lives to the light that follows all our way, to the Joy that seeketh us through pain, and to the love that will not let us go.

W. R. HUGHES

NOTE:

While in active work, it was Father's custom to give each member of his congregation a message at Christmas and New Year's -- this sometimes took the form of a Bible Bookmark or Church Calendar, and always contained his personal greeting and spiritual good wishes.

The Long, interesting, and fruitful life of William Robert Hughes came to an end with the coming of the Christ m a s Season of 1941.

After his retirement in 1930 following thirty-eight years of devotion to the ministry, he moved to London, enjoying the rest and fraternizing with brother ministers and neighbours. After a few years, however, he felt the urge to move nearer the centre of his family, and built a home in Hamilton. Here he lived happily in retirement, with his books and garden, walking much, enjoying the sights of the city, the Farmers' Market, and visiting his family and other relatives in Ontario. In the summer time he made several motor trips, and later by train visited the prairies, revisiting the scenes of his earlier labours. He identified himself with the Westdale United Church, and became a faithful member and honorary member of the Session.

During the late Fall of 1941 he suffered a slight stroke while out walking, but was able to return home. This was succeeded before long by one more severe, and it became necessary to remove him to the Hamilton General Hospital for nursing care. After a time he was moved to St. Peter's Infirmary, and following a stay of several weeks his condition deteriorated, and it was seen that he was approaching the end of his life. He appeared to realize this, and peacefully accepted the inevitable.

His passing occurred on December 23rd, 1941, and the funeral was held from Westdale United Church on December 27th, presided over by Rev. R. H. Somerville, Chairman of Hamilton Presbytery. Rev. Waldemar W. Williams, the Pastor, brought a message of love and comfort to the family, and friends, and Rev. S. Judson Kelly spoke briefly. Interment was in Westmount Park Memorial Cemetery.

The widow after a time disposed of the home, moving to a nearby apartment, where she lived quietly until her passing on Christmas Day, 1958.

It only remains to note that she left the major part of her estate to Westdale United Church, for missionary work, along with a memorial, the terms of which are set out in the inscription on a bronze plaque on the Reredos:

"The Chancel Window, Reredos and Organ Screens were made possible by the legacy of Mrs. Susan S. Hughes. They were dedicated on December Sixth, 1959 to the Glory of God, and in memory of Dr. and Mrs. William R. Hughes."

In Westdale United Church, Hamilton, on December 6th, 1959 this very beautiful Chancel Window, Reredos and Organ Screens were unveiled and dedicated. The Ceremony of Dedication was conducted by the Rev. W. Williams, M. A., and the Window, Reredos and Organ

Screens were unveiled by Mrs. Henry G. Graves (Margery), only daughter of Rev. Dr. W. R. Hughes. Dr. R. Fredrick Hughes of Hamilton, and Dr. Raymond W. Hughes of Goderich, with their wives and families were present, as well as many relatives and close personal friends of the Hughes family.

A brief description of the theme of the Chancel Window follows:

"The main theme of this window is Christ of Emmaus and shows our Lord on the evening of His Resurrection breaking bread with two of His disciples. The day is "far spent". The scene is laid in the Upper Room.

"The Central panel which rises immediately above the cross, heightening its symbolism, reveals our Lord as he breaks the bread. The chalice appears before Him on the table. His face is illumined by the "Divine Light" which is burning above Him.

"The Panels on each side depict the two disciples at the moment of recognition. One disciple's hands are clasped in adoration as he looks into the face of the Master. The other gazes upon the bread and the cup which the Lord gives for the nourishment of body and soul. In a moment the well beloved form will no longer be with them and they will declare to the other disciples "How He was

made known to them in the breaking of bread."

"The outside Panels and surrounding figures compliment the main theme revealing angels sharing in the glory of this tremendous moment. The wheatsheaf is symbolic of the bread of communion and the grape motif is symbolic of the wine. The cross and the crown in the hands of the angels recall the significant words - "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory?"

"The lower Panels depict the scene by the Sea of Galilee when the Master charges Peter with the responsibility to "Feed My Sheep" and "Feed My Lambs". Thus, nourished at the Table of our Lord, the Church is sent into the world that she may feed mankind with the Bread of Life.

"In the upper tracery is the symbol for the Trinity surrounded by cherubs; and the words, HOLY, HOLY, HOLY. To the left is shown the Lamb of God, symbolic of the Resurrection flanked by the familiar symbols of Christ - XP and I H S. To the right is shown the dove, symbolic of the Holy Spirit, flanked by the sword of the Spirit and the Lamp of the Spirit."

OBITUARY

From the Barrie Examiner, Thursday, January 8th, 1942.

REV. W. R. HUGHES, M.A., Ph.D.

A native of Simcoe County and former resident of Barrie, Rev. William Robert Hughes, M.A., Ph.D., retired United Church Minister, passed away at his late residence, 97 Cline Crescent, Westdale, Hamilton, on Tuesday, December 23, 1941, in his 78th year. Cause of death was arterio-sclerosis.

The funeral was held from Westdale United Church on Saturday afternoon, followed by interment in Westmount Park Memorial Cemetery.

Rev. S. Judson Kelly, London, Ontario, preached the funeral sermon, and the pallbearers were six stewards of Westdale United Church. Floral tributes were received from the Board of Stewards and Women's Auxiliary of Westdale United Church; Officers of No. 22 Company, Canadian Dental Corps, Camp Borden; Bell Telephone Staff, Kitchener, and many others.

Born in Cookstown on March 21, 1864, he was the son of Robert Hughes, stone-mason. The family moved to Barrie when he was a child, and he attended Central (now Victoria) School and Barrie Grammar School. In 1879, the family moved to Winnipeg, Man., and deceased was engaged with his father in construction work. Later, they farmed near Deloraine, Man., and while he homesteaded,

deceased attended Wesley College, Winnipeg, in the winter time. He served in the Canadian forces during the Fenian Raids.

Dr. Hughes entered the Methodist ministry in 1892, and was a member of the first Manitoba and Northwestern Conference. He had successive charges at Hamiota, Birtle, Stockton, Treherne, Gladstone and Winnipeg, Man. In the last-named he was minister of Gordon and Sturgeon Creek Methodist Churches. In 1924, he moved to London, Ontario Conference, and preached at Point Edward and Sparta, from which he retired in 1931, living in London, Ontario. Latterly, he had resided in Westdale, Hamilton.

Deceased graduated as Bachelor of Arts from Wesley College, Winnipeg, and received degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy from Illinois Wesleyan University, Chicago, Ill. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge at Gladstone, Man., and was an enthusiastic curler in his earlier years.

In 1896 he was married to Nellie Sutton, Winnipeg, Man., and she died in 1911. Later, he was married to Mrs. Susan Corbett Staples, who survives, together with four sons and one daughter by the first marriage: Frank R. Hughes, C.N. Telegraphs, Hudson Bay Junction, Sask.; Dr. R. Fredrick Hughes, Hamilton; Dr. A. E. Hughes, Sarnia; Capt. R. W. Hughes, Canadian Dental Corps, Camp Borden; Mrs. Harry Graves, Kitchener.

A brother, George Hughes, Watson, Sask., and a sister, Mrs. Harry Morningstar, Goodlands, Man., also survive. Several sisters

predeceased him. Relatives in this District include Misses Florence and Mable Hughes, Clapperton Street, Barrie; Frank, Wesley, Harry and Harvey Hughes, Innisfil Township.

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EXCERPTS from a letter written by REV. WALDEMAR WILLIAMS, a long-time friend of Dr. Hughes, and his Pastor at the time of his death:

"I first learned to know Dr. Hughes when I was the Minister at Aylmer, Ontario, and he was the Minister at Sparta. Later in 1938 when I came to Westdale Church, Hamilton, I was most agreeably surprised to find him a member there as a Retired Minister.

"My associations with him were always of the most kindly, and I treasured and valued his wise counsel and advice very highly. He often related some interesting and sometimes humorous episodes in his experience in the active ministry. I can still recall some of them, but only in part. One of them deeply impressed me because it revealed something of his great courage and physical as well as moral stamina. He had been caught in a heavy blizzard in the West, with many miles to go. But he plodded on until I think his horses could go no farther. He made the remainder of the way on foot, if my memory serves me rightly. At any rate, when he arrived at his destination, he was so completely exhausted that, after he got warmed up, and was sitting at the dinner table, he very suddenly dropped into such a deep sleep that he did not wake up until the next day. But he had kept his appointment. Such was the quality

of the men in the ministry, who braved the rigors of the Frontier West, in order to bring the comfort and inspiration of the Word of God, and the Ministry of the Church, to the early settlers of those days. All honour to them!

'Ma y I just add that both Dr. and Mrs. Hughes were among the finest people I have ever known. My warmest personal regards to all of you, and may you have a blessed experience and fellowship together on the 21st.'

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EXCERPT from "Historical Review - JUNE 23-24, 1951. A Record of 100 Years of Progress - 1850 - 1950. Innisfil Township Park, Lake Simcoe." Printed by the "Barrie Examiner Ltd., Barrie, Ontario:

THE HUGHES FAMILY

In 1837 Robert Hughes and his wife, Phyllis Martin, came from Cornbury, St. Edmunds, Suffolk, England. Their eldest son Robert was born in Cornbury and their next child was born on the sailing vessel on the way to Canada. They called her Elizabeth Brunswick.

For ten years they lived in Vaughan Township, then moved to Innisfil, where they spent the rest of their lives. They first settled on the farm now occupied by their grandson Frank Hughes. Some years later they purchased s 1/2 Lot 21, Con. 2, with their youngest son. Their declining years were spent at the corner of the 3rd Concession near Cherry Creek.

They had a family of four boys : Robert, Nathaniel, Elijah and John; and three girls: Elizabeth, Mary Ann, and Emily. The two older sons settled first in Innisfil, but in a short time moved to Western Canada where the greater part of their lives was spent. Robert, the eldest son, married Ellen Deadman; their family two sons and three daughters, of whom only George of Stouffville, and Mrs. H. Morningstar, Goodlands, are living. Elizabeth married Albert Lynn, their family one son and one daughter, (Mrs. Freeman Boothby). Nathaniel married Mary Kirkpatrick, and of their family of four sons and two daughters only two survive: Misses Florence and Mable, living in Barrie. Mary Ann married John Sawyer and their family, five sons and four daughters; four sons and two daughters still living. Elijah, the third son, married Alice Kneeshaw and settled on the place where sons of the late Wesley Hughes, Douglas and Robert, now farm. Their family consisted of Frank, Evaleen, Harry, Edgar, Wesley and William, all of whom are deceased except Frank. John Hughes, who settled on Lot 21, Con. 8, later at Stroud, married Jennetta Bannerman, and their family were - Frankie (Mrs. W. J. Stewart), Harvey, Ethel (Mrs. E. Robins), Edna (Mrs. C. McConkey), and J. Warrington. Emily married George Peacock, their family of two sons and two daughters all living.

Of the descendants of Robert and Phyllis still living in Innisfil there are Frank, Harvey, Douglas and Robert (already

mentioned), John and William of Stroud, sons of Edgar and Gordon, Frank's son, and also Seymour, Robert, Frank and Clarence Kell, grandsons of Mary Ann (Mrs. J. Sawyer).

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EXCERPTS

From "100 Years of Methodism in Cookstown, 1825-1925" a booklet published in 1925 by the Ladies' Aid of Cookstown Methodist Church:

"Many worthy families.....by their consistent Christian lives, generous support and faithful work, largely helped in their day to build up the church and community. We can merely mention a few names, such as C. H. Postill, William Ralston, jr., William McClain, Paul Leushner, Robert Hughes, W.A. Capon, James McGarvey, Chris Whitelock, George and Charles Patience, John C. Kidd, who, with their wives and families, helped to pass the torch along, have finished their labors and entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

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From "Toronto York Directory - 1850-51" Page 111 lists Robert Hughes as located in Vaughan Township on Lot 41, Con. 1. No record of owning land - was a neighbour of (or rented from) Robert Limburner.

Historical Atlas of York County shows a "James Cram" as occupying this Lot in 1798. Records of minutes of the proceedings of the Municipal Government of the Township of Vaughan extend back no further than 1850, but there is a record of 'R. Hughes' as being "a member of the "Home District Municipal Council" in 1849.

REFERENCES

Directory of Ontario - 1871 - Cookstown:

"An enterprising village at the four corners of the Township of Essa, Innisfil, Tecumseth, and West Gwillimbury, a Riding of the County of Simcoe. The surrounding country is very fertile. Distant from Gilford, a station of the Northern Railway, eight miles, fare 40¢; from Toronto 49 miles. Mail daily. Population about 600. Listed a HUGHES, ROBERT, Plasterer. Also noted: BANTING, Col. ROBERT T., County Clerk; and CLINKUNBROOMER, JAMES, Blacksmith."

At that time no "HUGHES" listed in Barrie Directory.

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GAZETTEER and DIRECTORY - 1869 - Cookstown - Same general information. Population 400 - also Stages as well as Railway to Gilford; M. O. Office lists: HUGHES, ROBERT, Cooper.

(Advertisement: A. L. Lalonde, L. D. S. - Successor to John Leggo - Dentist! Opp-Court House, Main St., Brockville, Ont.)

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In "A HISTORY OF SIMCOE COUNTY" by A. F. Hunter, Barrie, Published by County Council - 1909 - there is listed in list of Pioneers:--

PATRICK H. HUGHES, a native of County Armagh, Ireland, took up Lot 6, Concessions 6 and 7 in 1832. He was a pensioned soldier, and had served through the Peninsular War, having been wounded at the Battle of Vittoria in 1813. His wife was Portuguese, a native of Lisbon. Mrs. Hughes died in 1872 aged 87 years. His son, George P. Hughes, is also classed in the roll of pioneers, having been born on the Tecumseth home - stead November 1834. He became one of the early merchants of Keinansville, where he established a local newspaper called the "Simcoe Observer", as early as 1865, and was also Postmaster and Magistrate.

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HENRY HINDLE, an emigrant from Europe, arrived upon North half of Concession 3 in 1833 or 1834. He was the first white man to cross the Big Swamp on the 4th Concession of Innisfil. Upon the occasion in question he was on his way to a grist to Holland Landing with his oxen and sleigh. Everything went well until on his way home he reached the swamp, where he was attacked by a pack of wolves. To save himself and his oxen from being devoured, he was obliged to chain his oxen to a tree, and run around them all night, brandishing his axe and shouting all the time to keep the wolves at bay. When daylight came, the wolves fled, leaving the sturdy pioneer to pursue the remainder of his journey unharmed.

"Settlers before 1837 - Sam Hughes, Lot 105E in Holland Landing, and same name in Lot 1, Concession 2 West Gwillimbury; also a Patrick Hughes, Lot 60 (W. 1/2) Con. 1, Me-donte", along with a lot of other Micks from Ireland in the '20's, and George Hughes on Lot 6, Con. 1, Oro. The head of the Clan apparently lived in Tecumseth, as its list included E., Levi, Thomas and Patrick, all close together. In the other Townships (named after a former Governor's wife's Lap dogs: Oro, Tay, Flo and Tiny) the Hughes family had not seen fit to settle. However, none of the given names appears likely to indicate relationship (except 'George').

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COOKSTOWN AND THE S. W.

Irish settlers from Ulster, separated from Scotch in the south-east of Innisfil by the Big Swamp, which almost amounted to isolation, and on this account they have ever since largely retained the distinctive social features impressed on them by the first settlers. These Irish Settlers in the South-west arrived by way of Perry's Corners (Cookstown) to the south of which, at a short distance, was the only road across the Big Swamp, which extends far up into Innisfil.

Perry's Corners was later called Dixon's Corners - after one Dixon who kept a tavern there, which name was in turn changed to 'Cookstown' in 1847.

INNISFIL

McCONKEY - Where the eighth Concession crosses the Penetang Road, a group of well-known settlers located at an early period.

"Squire" McConkey was first to settle upon the Main Road here, after it was opened. His son, Thomas D. McConkey, was a merchant in Barrie from 1813 onward, M. P. for North Simcoe, and finally Sheriff of Simcoe - 1875 to 1890.

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RELIGION

First efforts of Methodists not associated with a particular spot, of which it could be said: "Here was the centre of their movement". However, if any place connects itself with the earliest Methodists, it would be the islands of Lake Simcoe where their efforts were made about the year 1825 to Christianize the pagan Ojibways, then so numerous. Among those who first preached the gospel to the Lake Simcoe Indians were Reverends Peter Jones, John Sunday, Elder Case, and others.

In 1835 a few settlers met to discuss ways and means to build a meeting house in the neighbourhood. One settler had promised that if ever they became owners of a farm in Canada they would give a site and help build a Methodist Meetinghouse. The offer was accepted and a subscription list opened. Each landed farmer subscribed at least \$22.00 and so many days' work. A poor man - Watt Woodrow - had no money to give, but said he would hew the logs, which he did.

EDUCATION

Common School Law 1850 authorized the Grammar School Trustees and local Superintendents to constitute a County Board of Public Instruction to examine and give Certificate of Proficiency to teachers of the Common School.

The first meeting on record was held May 29, 1851. In November 1853, Rev. F. L. Osler petitioned the City Council for a Board. (He was the father of Sir William Osler.)

Barrie Grammar School was instituted in 1843 by commission of Governor-General Sir Charles Metcalfe. Government granted a permit in Barrie for a school-house and Master's residence. Frederick Gore was Master. By March 20th, 1845, attendance had reached 43, but the building was not completed, classes being carried on in the Court House until 1849. In 1859 it became inadequate, having been originally built for 30 pupils, now having 66 daily. Council members inspected it, and granted \$700.00 for extension. About 1868 the name was changed to 'High School', and in 1880 it became a Collegiate Institute, when the old building was abandoned for the new one now (1909) in use.

REFERENCES

Bardsley: "English Surnames" - Names from the Calendar of the Saints:

'HUGHES' holds an important position as an early name. It was created with holy associations. There was a 'St. Hugh', Abbot of Cluny 1109; a 'St. Hugh', Bishop of Grenoble in 1132; a 'St. Hugh', Bishop of Lincoln in 1200, and above all, the celebrated infant 'St. Hugh' of Lincoln, said to have been crucified by the Jews of that City in 1250. This event happened just at the best time for affecting our surnames. Their hereditary tendency was becoming marked. Thus it is that 'Hugh' or 'Hew' as it was generally spelled, has made such an indenture upon our nomenclature. The pet forms are all Norman French, the most popular being 'Huet', 'Hugon', and 'Huelot', the last formed like 'Hamelot' and 'Habelot'. The second of these was further corrupted by the English into 'Hutchin' and 'Huggin'. Hence our rolls teem with such registrations as 'Hewe Hare', 'Huet de Badone', 'William fil Hugonis' etc. Among the surnames still common in our Directories may be numbered 'Huggins, Hutchins, Hutchinson...Hughès, Hewson'. All these various forms bespeak a familiarity which is now, of course, utterly wanting so far as our Christian nomenclature is concerned. It is impossible to give the reader an adequate conception of the popularity of this name 400 years ago. It is one more conspicuous instance marking the changes which the Reformation and an English Bible effected upon our nomenclature.

In 1853 'Hughes' was among the fifty most common surnames in England, and the estimated population holding that surname was 59,000.

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All proper names originally conveyed a meaning:

Welsh - 'Hugo' the modest; 'Hugo' the stout.

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'Dictionary of American Family Names' by Elsdon C. Smith (1956) - 'Hughes' - (Welsh and English) - The son of Hugh (Spirit).

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'Burke's Peerage - 1959' - Page 1182:

HUGHES of East Burgholt, (Suffolk)
Lineage: Alan of Griffith, Father of Jenkin, who was father of JOHN, whose son HUGH, was father of THOMAS HUGHES, the first family to assume the surname; m. KATHERINE, daughter of Matthew Griffith, ap. ROBERT, and was father of, Sir THOMAS HUGHES, of Wells, Somerset, Records of Bath, - Knighted at Whitehall Nov. 4, 1619.

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'A Genealogist confines himself to tracing family lineages or the course of succession in particular families. The Annalist, the chronicling of events in the order of their occurrence. The Historian, the filling up of the details and circumstances to which these dry facts refer.'

REFERENCES

"BARRIE and its Streets, and History of its Names", Page 106: 'Papers and Records':

BARRIE - as first surveyed in 1833, was comprised within the area of Berczy Street on the East, Bayfield Street on the West, and Grove Street on the North. At the same time as the town was laid out and designated Barrie, those streets received their names, being nearly all in honour of naval officers of the War of 1812-1814. From Berczy Street to Duckworth Street is the Bercsy Survey, and from Duckworth Street to the eastern limits of the town the great admirals of Britain are remembered in the streets of this portion of the present town.

Lake Simcoe was named by Lieutenant Governor Simcoe in respect to his father, Captain John Simcoe of the Royal Navy, who died in the operations for the taking of Quebec in 1759. It was Captain Simcoe who piloted the British Fleet up the St. Lawrence River in this campaign. For a time Captain Simcoe had for his Lieutenant the great Captain Cook, and in his honour Governor Simcoe named the southern bay of Lake Simcoe Cook's Bay. The western bay was named Kempenfeldt in memory of the disastrous end of the Royal George, sinking in Portsmouth Harbour with Admiral Kempenfeldt and nearly 600 officers and men.

Barrie was so named in honour of Commodore Robert Barrie, R. N., who at the

time occupied one of the highest offices in Canada, being Acting Commissioner of His Majesty's Navy on the Great Lakes, from July 1819 until its abandonment. Robert Barrie was born in Forfarshire, Scotland in 1772. In 1813 was appointed to command of H. M. S. Dragon, and employed on the east coast of American until the end of the War of 1812-1814. He was decorated at the conclusion of the War as a C. B. and in 1819 was appointed Commodore of His Majesty's Navy on the Great Lakes in Canada, with Headquarters at Kingston.

Barrie's first visit to the town was before it received its name, viz., in June 1828, when he passed through on a journey from Toronto to Penetanguishene on a tour of inspection of the Naval Depots on the Great Lakes.

Dunlop, Collier, Worsley, MacDonald, Bayfield, Clapperton, Owen, Mulcaster, Poyntz, Sampson, Berczy, Duckworth, Kempenfeldt, Blake, Cook, Codrington, Napier, Vancouver, Puget, Monk, Collingwood, Nelson, Oliver, Steele, and O'Brien Streets are all named after officers of the Royal Navy.



WILLIAM ROBERT HUGHES

Born March 21, 1864
Died Dec. 23, 1941

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF

GEORGE ALBERT HUGHES

Born August 31, 1872; Died Sept. 21, 1962

Brother of
WILLIAM ROBERT HUGHES

* * * * *

Written in Stouffville , Ontario ,
during his retirement , between the dates
of January 1951 and February 1962.

* * * * *

I first saw the light one summer day
in the little Village of Cookstown. I can't
say if it was a bright sunny day in 1872
or not, as I can't remember quite that far
back. My Father came out from England
with his parents in June 1837 when he was
two years old. He was the eldest of a fam-
ily of seven, four boys and three girls .
My Mother was nearly four years younger
than my Father, and came out from Eng -
land with her parents in 1850. Her maiden
name was Eleanor Deadman. Both fam -
ilies settled in Vaughan Township in Ont-
ario. I had three sisters and one brother,
all older than myself. My Father was a
cooper in his young manhood, then learn-
ed the trade of plastering.

Our family moved to Earrie when I
was about two years old, and it is of that
beautiful little town on the shore of Lake
Simcoe that my first memories are connected.

One of the first things I remember is of digging in the garden back of our house, and when my Mother wanted to know what I was digging for, I said I was digging to find Alex. Alex was a man who had worked for my Father and had gone to New Zealand. When I had asked where New Zealand was, they told me it was right down below on the other side of the earth. Needless to say, I didn't dig far enough to find Alex.

When I was about five years old, I started to school at Central School (1878), which was quite close to our home. When I had been going a couple of years or so our School was burned down, and we had to go to the West Ward School until a new one was built. That School, I believe, is still giving service. This West Ward School was quite a distance to go, so we had to have a dinner pail and take our dinner, which was a wonderful experience at first, but the novelty soon wore off. My Father had a brother living in town who had a family of boys and girls, and we had very good times together, but what we enjoyed the most of all was at Christmastime and in the summer holidays, when we would go out to my Grandfather Hughes' farm at Churchill. We certainly had wonderful times with all our Uncles and Aunts and Cousins; we were a very happy family and life was beautiful.

In the Spring of 1881 my Father and my brother, who was then seventeen years old, got what was then called the "Red River Fever" and went out to Winnipeg to work. My Father obtained plenty of work

at his trade, and my brother did lathing for him, at which he soon got to be very quick, and at one time was considered to be the fastest lather in Winnipeg. In the Fall of 1881 Father decided to take up a homestead, and he and a German by the name of Herman Manz, who had been mixing mortar for him, and another man, got together an outfit of blankets and things which they thought were absolutely necessary, and each one with a pack on his back then started out to look for land. They had heard that there was good land to be homesteaded at the west end of the Turtle Mountains, which were over two hundred miles from Winnipeg, - but what was two or three hundred miles in an unknown and unsettled country to the early pioneers and Empire builders of those days! My brother was too young to take up a homestead, so he stayed on working in Winnipeg.

Whenever the three land hunters could find a house to stay over night, they would spread their blankets on the floor and think that they were in luck, but a great deal oftener they would just have to roll up in their blankets and sleep on the prairie.

Finally, after looking over a lot of land and finding none to suit them, they arrived at Old Deloraine on the northwest end of the Turtle Mountains, and procured a list of land that was open for homesteading. From there they travelled on to the southwest, to the west end of the Mountain down near the boundary line between North Dakota and Manitoba, and after looking over

a lot of land, my Father and Herman Manz finally located. Herman Manz took the best half of Section 14. 1.24 west of the first Meridian, and my Father put a reservation on the south half of Section 14 for my brother. At that time a father could reserve a homestead for his son for six months, until he would be eighteen years old, - of age to homestead. After filing on the land at the Land Office in Old Deloraine (at this time there were Land Office, Post Office and Hudson's Bay Store at Deloraine) they then made the best time they could to get back to Winnipeg. It was on in November, and the weather was getting pretty cold to sleep outside on the Prairie. When they got back to Winnipeg, my Father found that my brother had grown tired waiting for them and had gone back to Barrie, so Father soon followed him. It was surely a glad reunion, after being away in the far country so long.

One of the things I remember very distinctly of that summer is what was later known as the 'Dark Day of '81'. I remember we had just settled in school for the afternoon session when it began to get very dark, and in a little while it was so dark we could hardly see across the room, so we were all sent home, and the lamps were lighted in the streets and in all the houses; although it was so dark, there was a kind of reddish glare in the sky. Everyone was very much excited, and it seems that some time before this, an old lady by the name of Mother Shipton had prophesied (along with other things, (some of which had come true) that 'the world to an end should come, in

eighteen hundred and eighty-one.' Many people believed that the world was coming to an end, and there was a lot of excitement - people crying, praying and singing. My Mother talked very sensibly to us and told us that she did not think that the world was coming to an end now, but even if it did, we had nothing to fear. It was a very dark and weird evening and night, but the next morning it had cleared off a lot, and in a day or so we got word that it was all caused by smoke from a big bush fire in Michigan. So the old world is still going on as usual, seventy years after that black day!

Another of my early memories is of my Father taking us all to see a boat race between the celebrated Ontario Oarsman Edward Hanlan, and a man by the name of Courtney, (I think he was an Australian), for the World's Championship for single oarsmanship. The Passenger Steamer 'Emily May' was taking passengers and following the course of the race, and we all had tickets for the boat trip. It was a very thrilling race; Hanlan was behind for quite a while, and then when we all thought he was going to lose the race, he speeded up and passed Courtney quite easily. After he had passed him, Hanlan rested on his oars and turned and waved to Courtney and called: 'Sorry, can't help it; it's a habit I got into!' I think this race would be in the summer of 1880; one of the islands in Toronto Bay is named after Hanlan.

In the Spring of 1882 Father sold our house in Barrie and made arrangements for

us all to go out to Winnipeg. He and my brother went early in the Spring so as to get a house for us to live in. Early in May Herman Manz bought a yoke of oxen, and with father and my brother, got together an outfit of provisions, a plow and tools, and went out to the homesteads. They brought out logs from the bush and put up a small house first for Mr. Manz, so as to have it to live in, and then brought logs and put up the walls for a house on our homestead, but did not finish it. Father persuaded Manz to break about thirteen acres of land for him, and he put in a patch of potatoes just under the sod, and trusted to luck for a crop. There was a man by the name of Matthew Perrin who had moved his family on to his homestead on Section 28.1.24 that Spring, and Dad made arrangements for us to go and board with them until we got our house up in the Fall. When they went to the farm in the Spring, Father left his trunk with all his good clothes, and a lot of other things, with Mrs. Manz, who lived in a rather low part, not far from the River; and when Father returned, his trunk had been under water for three weeks during the 'Flood of '82'.

Before leaving Barrie, my Father had made arrangements with a friend of his to rent a new house he was building. So my Mother sold some of our furniture, and had the rest packed and shipped to Winnipeg. Then my Mother, my three sisters and I left in June for, to us, the wonderful experience of living on a train for four or five days, I do not remember just how long it took us. We went by way of Chicago, St. Paul,

Milwaukee and Emerson. My Father and brother were at the train to meet us, and we were certainly glad to see them! Winnipeg Station was not much like it is now, and there was no freight shed. All kinds of freight, furniture and everything was just dumped on the prairie by the side of the tracks west of Main Street. The engine that pulled our train into Winnipeg was either the old Countess of Dufferin, which is still kept as a souvenir in the Station grounds of the C. P. R. in Winnipeg, or else it was a sister engine of the same type, an old wood-burning engine with the tender stacked up with cordwood.

The house that we moved into was between Main Street and the Red River, a few blocks north of the C. P. R. Station. There was no paving on Main Street or, in fact, on any other street at this time, and after a rain the streets were just deep mud, and ox-carts and wagons were getting stuck all the time. There were some horses, but most of the traffic was oxen or ponies and Red River Carts.

There was a City Dairy run by Snary & Gillespy, who had their barns and milk-houses and corrals down by the River. They had about one hundred cows, and used to pasture them on the Prairie where the Stockyards and Exhibition grounds were located later. Jerry Robinson and R. J. Whitlaw Dry Goods, and also J. H. Ashdown Hardware were located on the west side of Main Street between the C. P. R. and Portage Avenue, and the Hudson's Bay Company was farther south near the old Fort.

My sisters obtained work in the Winnipeg Tent & Awning factory, and as there were plenty of tents being used, there was lots of work for a tent factory. There were quite a few Barrie people living in Winnipeg at this time, so we had lots of company.

Early in September my Father bought a pair of oxen, a wagon and breaking plow, and together with our furniture and household goods and what was supposed to be enough food supplies to last a year, shipped by freight train to Brandon; Father, Mother, Sister Ida and myself going on the Passenger train. (Emily, Lizzie and my brother coming out to the farm late in the Fall). We arrived in Brandon on a Friday, and Father made arrangements to store part of our goods in Brandon until he could come back for them. However, Saturday morning he met an old acquaintance from Barrie by the name of Crossen, who had homesteaded about five miles south of Brandon. He and his son Dave were in town with a yoke of oxen, and Dad made a deal with him to take a load of stuff out to the farm for him; so, instead of storing anything, they loaded up everything on the two wagons and we all went out to the Crossen home that day and stayed with them over Sunday. Monday morning we all started out - Dave Crossen, who was about sixteen or seventeen years old, driving their team of oxen. Both wagons were stacked high, with just enough room at the front for the five of us to find seatroom.

I almost forgot to mention one very important member of the party: a very fine brown English Retriever dog which a young

Englishman had given me. He had brought him out from England, but as he was just boarding out and working for a Lumber firm, and as the people where he boarded did not want the dog, he could not keep him.

We got along not too badly, considering that Father's oxen were young and not too well broken, and Father was about as green as the oxen. At noon we turned the oxen out to get their dinner on the rich prairie grass, which was abundant, and we made a fire and hung a pail of water on to heat for tea, and had a real picnic lunch. After the oxen had time to feed and have a little rest, we inspanned again and resumed our journey. There were no graded roads, - just a slight wagon trail, sometimes rather hard to follow, in the general direction of the south west.

We made good progress that afternoon, and made a stopping place for that night. I do not remember just where it was, or the name of the people who kept it. The next day, Tuesday, was uneventful, except for my sister and I, and Sport the dog, having fun chasing gophers, which were very numerous. We made about thirty miles that day, which is pretty good for oxen, and arrived at the Bates' stopping place for night.

The next day, Wednesday, was unevenful as far as I remember, till night. My Father was trying to reach a stopping place he knew of, but as the oxen were becoming tired and not making too good time, darkness overtook us without our seeing any

sign of a house, and was it dark! Dave, who was going ahead, as his oxen were older and better at following a trail, all at once called out to stop, as his oxen were splashing in water. The men hunted all around with a lighted landern, but could find no trail and nothing but water ahead. So they pulled back on higher ground and called an emergency council to decide what was to be done. There was no use going on, as they could not tell which was the right direction to go, and no trail to follow. So they unhitched and hobbled the oxen, and as it was quite cool, we built a small fire and had our supper. As we were all pretty tired, we hung blankets around the wagons and made up beds under the wagons. Dad, Mother and Ida slept under one wagon, and Dave and I under the other. We did not sleep too well that night, - not that our beds were not fairly comfortable, but we could see miles of prairie fires to the west of us, and as that was our first sight of a prairie fire, we were rather nervous of it. Although Dave said that as long as the wind stayed in the direction it was, we were quite safe, we worried about the wind changing, and we had no idea how far away it was. But since then I have seen many more fires and have gotten used to them, I think that fire was a long way off! But it was close enough to be rather exciting to us. The next morning when we got up there was no sign of the fire, and the grass and everything was crisp and white with a white frost, the first of the season, and was it cold! However, after we got warmed up and had break-

fast around a small fire, we started out . We could now see that we were at the side of White Water Lake, and we could see the blue line of the Turtle Mountains not so many miles away. Before noon, we arrived at Old Deloraine. There was the Land Office with Mr. Newcomb as Land Agent; the Post Office with Mr. James Cavers as Postmaster, and the Hudson's Bay Store.

While in Deloraine we met a Mr. Jimmie Proudfoot, a bachelor, who had homesteaded on Section 30. 1, 23 about three miles from Father's homestead, and he insisted that we should go to his place and stay all night. We were to go ahead and he would catch up to us as he had about the only team of horses in that district. So we started out, and about a couple of miles from his place he caught up to us and piloted us in to his place, which was in the edge of the bush on the west edge of the Turtle Mountain. He had a small log cabin, but he surely gave us a royal welcome. He soon had a fire going, and with Mother helping him, soon had a wonderful supper for us all. He insisted on giving up his bed, which had blankets hung up around it, to Mother and Sister, and as we had ample bedding, we soon made comfortable shakedown for the rest of us.

Next morning we went over to our own place, and after unloading most of our loads, we went over to Perrin's and stayed all night. Dave Crossen stayed with us over Sunday, and started back on the eighty mile trip alone on Monday morning. People in those days, even in that new country, did

not travel or do any unnecessary work on Sunday.

Work of getting the house fit to live in before the weather became too cold, started, and indeed it was a great deal of work. Poles had to be hauled from the bush for the roof, and then long thatch grass to be cut with a scythe. Dad hired a man who was supposed to know how to thatch, to help him put the roof on. However, before we were there very long we found out it took up too much time going back and forth to the Perrin's with the oxen, so we got a small tent and put it up inside the walls of the house, and we stayed in that. The log walls of the house, although not plastered, broke off some of the wind, and made it considerably warmer. We had our cook stove set up in one corner of the house. We had taken out a pretty good supply of food: canned pork and some canned meat, a crock of butter, and a lot of preserved fruit my Mother had done up in Barrie the summer before. And as our patch of potatoes had done fairly well, we had a nice supply of very fair sized potatoes, beautifully clean skinned, almost as though they had been washed. As my Mother was a wonderful cook, we fared pretty well, compared with some of the other new settlers. Dad had bought a shotgun and ammunition, and although he was not a very experienced sportsman, as there were plenty of Prairie Chickens (the ducks had all gone south) we quite often had a nice roast chicken dinner, and believe me, it tasted pretty good, as it was the only fresh meat we had.

When we got out that Fall, we found that many settlers had filed on homesteads that summer, and some few had moved out. John Leeson, Dan and Sandy Stewart had settled two or three miles east of us, close to the foot of the Mountain, and Herman Manz had brought out his wife and three children from Winnipeg, and were living on their farm a little over half a mile from us, so that we really had some neighbours.

My Father dug out a hole in the centre of the house for a cellar, and flattened some poplar poles and laid across it, and we covered this over with hand-woven carpet my Mother had had made in Ontario. This kept the cellar warm so we could keep our potatoes from freezing. We also floored a part of the upstairs by laying poles across the log joists, and we could put some of our possessions up there. My sister and I had our beds up there, and climbed up and down on a pole ladder.

We also brought out logs and put up a stable for our oxen. Early in the winter my Father made a set of home-made bobsleighs. To make the runners, he hewed out crooked oak trees. It took a great deal of work, as my Father was very particular about his work. All the parts of the sleigh had to be planned and fitted by hand, just so. Most of this work had to be done in the house, as it was too cold by now to work outside. But when it was made it was a wonderful sleigh, and was so much handier and easier on the oxen than pulling the wagon through the deep snow.

Just before Christmas my Father made a

trip down to Smith's Sawmill for lumber for floors and doors. This was a small mill on the north side of the Mountain about twenty five miles from us, where they sawed poplar lumber but did not plane it. This lumber was perfectly green. My Father had a set of matched planes to tongue and groove lumber, and after he brought this lumber home he fixed up a bench in the house and planed all this lumber by hand; - the only way it could be planed at all was when it was frozen really hard, so we would just bring it into the house a board at a time, and sometimes before that board was done, it would have to be put outside again to re-freeze. However, by patience and perseverance, and a tremendous amount of hard work, he planed enough to floor the whole house. Up to this time, we, like most of the other people, had only a dirt floor tramped hard. My brother, who had stayed working in Winnipeg, came out a little before Christmas. We were getting pretty well settled down to homesteading, and by this time we had had about six weeks of real winter weather. Christmas Day was a nice bright day, very cold, but towards evening it started to storm very heavily. We had a real Christmas Dinner: Roast Chicken, Plum Pudding and all the trimmings; of course, it was Prairie Chicken, but it was mighty good, all the same! Well, about eight o'clock the five of us were sitting around the stove listening to the wind howl, and thinking we had had a pretty good Christmas for our first one in the wild and woolly West, when all at once there came a knock at the door. My Father went to the door and there were two very cold and tired men.

We found after that they were a Mr. McLeod and Mr. Smith. Mr. McLeod had homesteaded on the north half of Section 24, a couple of miles from us. He and Mr. Smith had walked out from a Sawmill about twenty-five miles north-east, where they were working, to look over Mr. McLeod's homestead which he had just filed on, and after they started back became lost in the storm, and had been travelling around for hours when they saw our light in the window. They were certainly glad to find a house, as they were nearly exhausted and very cold. As it was still stormy the next day, they stayed a couple of days with us.

As we had only a shallow well by the side of a slough, when the weather got cold it froze solid, so we had to melt snow for use in the house; and for the oxen we had a forty-gallon barrel which stood by the back of the cook stove, and we would bring in big chunks of snow to put in it and pour on hot water; in that way we had plenty of good pure water to use.

Gradually the winter wore away, and we were very glad to see the Spring come, with the Prairie covered with thousands of flowers of many different kinds. Dad had gotten about three acres of breaking done the year before, so we had ground for a garden and a patch of potatoes, and about two and a half acres of wheat. We put in a few oats on new breaking. I do not remember just what we had in our garden, but it grew wonderfully well, and we had a plentiful supply of vegetables from it. Our wheat and oats also did very well, and we were able to

break up a nice amount of new land. That Spring Dad bought a cow from a neighbour, an old bachelor, a Scotsman by the name of Rory Anderson. He had one wooden leg. This Spring he had brought out a carload of cattle with him from Ontario, and had to drive them over from Brandon, the nearest railroad. He had no trouble in selling them, and we were lucky in getting a very good cow. That summer (1883) she had a nice heifer calf, so we were well away to a start of raising cattle and had lots of milk and butter that summer. We also had quite a nice surprise, as we did not expect we would be able to have any fruit, but we found quite a nice supply of Strawberries, Saskatoons, Raspberries, and later some Highbush Cranberries and Hazelnuts, which we gathered for Winter.

That Spring saw a great many new settlers come out to our district: a Mr. J. K. Ross and his two sons came out from Barrie, and brought a car of settlers' effects. They settled about ten miles north of us, and my Father's brother sent us two hens and a rooster with them, so we were started in the poultry business! These hens both started to lay right away, and both wanted to set at the same time. Since they were good big Plymouth Rock hens, we set them on fifteen eggs each, and they hatched out twenty-eight chicks. So we gave all the chicks to one hen and set the other on another fifteen eggs, and she hatched out thirteen chicks. So we were well started in the poultry business! I do not know just how many of these chicks we raised, but we did not lost too many. Now we had to bring out

logs and build a log henhouse, but we had a good comfortable henhouse before cold weather.

That year my Father cut our first crop of wheat and oats with a cradle, and bound it by hand and threshed it with a flail in the wagon box, and winnowed it in the wind.

During the Winter of 1883-84 we brought out logs for a granary for us, and a house and granary for my brother Will. He already had built a small log house and stable, as he had to have them to fulfil his homestead duties, but he always boarded at home.

That winter the neighbours went together and got out logs, and in the Spring put up a log building about sixteen by twenty feet adjoining Mr. Ebenezer Cranstone's house, and hired a teacher by the name of Daly, who had a homestead about five miles away, and held school in it the Summer of '84 and '85. I think there were about fifteen scholars. This school was about three miles from our place. In the Spring of 1886 a new school district was formed, and a new larger log school-house was built. This school was just a little over half a mile from our place, and for teacher we had a man by the name of Charlie Herndon, who had a homestead about seven miles away. I think we had about twenty scholars, some of whom came quite a distance. One family of four, two boys and two girls, by the name of Sutor, came from across the line in North Dakota. They drove a yoke of oxen and wagon.

This Spring we had a Post Office opened up in our house. My Father was Postmaster,

and my sister was Assistant. We had one Mail a week, and my Dad received the magnificent sum of Sixteen Dollars a year as Post Master, and had to furnish the Post Office (which was in one corner of our living room) and pay his Assistant - if she got paid! But it was a great convenience instead of having to go sixteen miles to Deloraine.

In the Fall of 1883 my sister Emily married Edward Thompson and moved to Fargo, North Dakota. On December 26, 1884, Emily gave birth to a baby boy - Harry Edward - and on January 2nd, 1885 she died. In March, Edward Thompson brought the babe to Brandon, and my Mother drove over to Brandon with a neighbour and got the little baby. Incidentally, the first detachment of soldiers from Ontario, going out to Saskatchewan, were on the same train from Winnipeg to Brandon.

This was rather an anxious Spring and Summer for the settlers of the West, and although there was no actual fighting in Manitoba, the Indians and half breeds were very unsettled, and many of them were in anything but good humour. Several of the settlers formed what was called the 'Home Guard' and were supplied with rifles, and they drilled so as to be prepared if the local Indians caused any trouble. I remember one time when my Father was away, and just Mother, my Sister and I were at home, a big ugly Indian by the name of Sourkraut came and wanted something to eat. As we always did, we fed him well, but did not let him into the house. We had a grind-

stone in the yard, and he went to it and ground his tomahawk and a big long knife. Then he practised throwing the hatchet at a post and, believe me, he could generally drive it into the post! . This particular Indian had a pretty bad reputation, and had been trying to get the Indians on the Reserve to rebel and join in the Riel Rebellion, but the old Chief Thomas Awashtia was a very good peaceable old Indian, and put him off the Reserve, and would not let him mix with his Indians. This Chief's name meant "Thomas the Good", as 'Washtia' means 'good' in Cree. This Reserve was about ten miles from our place on the north side of the Turtle Mountain, and was mostly in the bush, but had quite a bit of open prairie. At times there were several hundred Indians. In later years, after the farmers had more land in crop, the Indians and squaws used to come around and obtain permission from the farmers to gather up the grain scattered around the threshing machine. A whole family would come and spread blankets on the ground, and clean the grain they picked up by throwing it up in the wind so the grain would drop on the blanket and the chaff and dust blow away.

The Summer of 1885 was a very good growing season, and what crop we had in turned out very well. We had several head of cattle now, as well as three oxen, and as we had no wild hay on our place, we put up quite a bit of hay on Government land whenever we could get it, and had three good-sized stacks in different places.

By now we had a good big log granary,

a big log stable and good henhouse. By the end of September we had our threshing all done and grain in the granary, and all our vegetables in the cellar. About noon one day we could see that there was a large prairie fire in Dakota, a few miles to the southwest, and as there was a very strong southwest wind blowing, it was coming right our way. We had a large hay stack about two miles to the southwest and, although it had a good wide firebreak plowed around it, my brother thought he would go and watch it. So he soaked a sack in water and mounted one of his horses and rode as fast as he could, but the fire travelled faster than he could, and by the time he returned home the fire had jumped the fire guards and had caught in the straw stack, and it went from there to the stable and henhouse, then to a big woodpile, and from there to the house. We fought it all we could, but we could not do much by carrying water in pails for about fifty yards, and it was not long until all that was left was one log granary. We were lucky to get most of our furniture and clothing out. It meant a great loss, and must have been a great discouragement to my Father and Mother, but I never heard one word of complaint from either of them. The only thing to do was to start all over again.

There was a neighbour, a bachelor, who had got out a set of logs the winter before, and had the walls of a good big house up. He had a small house he was living in, and my Father bought the logs from him and the neighbours all turned in and helped, and they took the logs down and hauled them over

and put them up on our place, and we turned the granary into a stable. So we managed to be fairly comfortably fixed before the weather became too cold. We got the use of a house that was empty about three miles away to live in until we could move into our new house.

Feed for stock was very scarce during the Winter of 1885-86, as most of the hay and a lot of the straw had been burned up by the prairie fires. In the Fall, my Father managed to buy a stack of wheat straw from a man who had no stock to feed it to, but we had to haul it about five miles with oxen, and that was quite a chore in winter. However, we managed to winter what stock we had.

* * * * *

* * * * *

ROBERT MARTIN HUGHES,
Born in Suffolk, Oct. 11, 1834.
Came to Canada June 1837.
Married Eleanor Deadman, born
in Hampshire July 17, 1838;
came to Canada 1850.
Married May 16, 1860.

* * * * *

LINES
on the
DEATH OF ROBERT HUGHES
Who Died in Innisfil January 15th, 1884
Aged 72 years
* * * * *

Hush, 'tis a solemn hour,
my thoughts on death would muse
Far away in yonder burial place,
lies our dear father Hughes;
From day to day he lingered on
with pains and sufferings rare,
Which seemed at times almost too
great for mortal strength to bear,
But faith and hope were strong,
and bright his Father's arm was seen
To shield him in affliction's fire,
his dropping spirits cheer.
His Saviour's welcome voice he heard
to call him to his rest,
Come up, my child, thy work is done,
come and be ever blest,
Thou aged saint of three score years,
and fourteen years beside,
Breath'd out his life in perfect peace,
gave one last sigh and died.
His tender wife and children too,
affectionate and good,
Attentive to his every want,
as round his bed they stood
Wearý and worn with watching,
each could smile amidst their grief
To think their dear one's pains are o'er
and he finds sweet relief.
Now they can feel how easy 'tis to say,
"Thy will be done!",
Father we all shall meet again
when our short race is run.

H. H.



ROBERT MARTIN HUGHES

Born October 11, 1834

Died June 23, 1917

EXCERPT from a letter received from Mrs. Hubert B. McKenzie (Ethel Kell, New Toronto, Ontario) dated January 27, 1965; concerning a chest in her possession belonging originally to the father of our Great-grandmother - Phyllis Emily Martin (Hughes):

".....It came into my possession around 1926, having previous to that been at the home of my Grandmother (Mrs. John Sawyer) who had been Mary Ann Hughes. The chest has the name "J. MARTIN" printed across the front. J. Martin, who was the original owner of this chest, had his home in England and was grandfather to Mary Ann Hughes.

"In his younger days, J. Martin had been an Officer in the British Army, and was sent to India. He served a term of twenty years, and had left his fiancée in England. In all the twenty years they remained loyal, and were married on his return from India around the turn of the century. At that time there was no postal system from India to England. The chest was his trunk which he took to India, and at the conclusion of his term there, he took a trip around the world, before settling down.

"The trunk, or chest, was made very solidly of mahogany, the nails used being made by hand, as was the strapping around the corners. There had been strap hinges, but as they were broken, we had them replaced. The chest is 36" long by 19 1/2",

with a height of 17" as it stands now. Formerly, it had been about 20" high, but on account of the broken hinges about three inches had to be cut off around the top. It had been painted and papered on the inside. This was removed and finished with a good varnish.

* * * * *

ROBERT HUGHES

B.25.10.1812 - Suffolk County, England

M. 29. 3. 1832 - Phyllis Emily Martin (whose Mother was

D. 15. 1. 1884 (B. 7. 1808 Elizabeth Martin - D. 8. 7. 1850)

D. 9. 7. 1895)

WILLIAM	ROBERT	ELIZABETH	MARY	JOHN	EMILY
<u>B.</u>	<u>MARTIN</u>	<u>ERUNSWICK</u>	<u>NATHANIEL</u>	<u>W.</u>	<u>ELEANOR</u>
5. 8. 1833	B. 11. 10. 1834	B.	B. 21. 8. 1840	B.	B. 27. 8. 1853
D.	M. (1) Eleanor	22. 5. 1837	M.	6. 10. 1849	M.
18. 10. 1833	Deadman	M. -	16. 2. 1869	M.	4. 2. 1881
	(B. 17. 7. 1838	Albert	D.	29. 4. 1880	D.
	D. 28. 8. 1899)	Lynn	5. 2. 1926	D.	25. 7. 1900
	(2) Clarissa		28. 9. 1927	22. 10. 1932	
	Forsyth				
	D. 23. 6. 1917				

ROBERT MARTIN HUGHES

B.11.10.1834 - Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk Co., England
M(1)Eleanor Deadman (B.17. 7.1838 - Hampshire, England
16. 5.1860 D.28. 8.1899 - Buried in Deloraine, Man.)
(2)Clarissa Forsyth
6. 9.1900
D.23. 6.1917

<u>EMILY ELEANOR</u>	<u>WILLIAM ROBERT</u>	<u>MARY ELIZABETH</u>	<u>MARTHA IDA</u>	<u>GEORGE ALBERT</u>
B.10.11.1862	B.21. 3.1864	B.24. 8.1866	B.25.10.1868	B.31. 8.1872
M.12. 2. 1884 - Edward Thompson	M.(1)Ellen Jane Sutton 17. 7.1896	M. - Shaver D. 7. 1.1934 - Barford, Sask.	M. 6. 8.1888 Henry Morn- ingstar D.30.12.1957	M.14. 2.1912 - Annie E. Boothby D.26. 9.1962
D. 2. 1.1885	(2)Susan S. Staples 17. 9.1912 D.23.12.1941			

ELIZABETH BRUNSWICK HUGHES

B. 22. 5. 1837

M. - Albert Lynn

D.

ANSON

B. 6. 5. 1875

M.

D. 7. 5. 1949

SARAH ELIZABETH

B. 13. 9. 1877

M.

D. 9. 9. 1959

- Freeman Boothby

NATHANIEL HUGHES

B. 21. 8. 1840

M. 16. 2. 1869 - Mary Kirkpatrick (B. 23. 10. 1840;

D. 5. 2. 1926 D. 30. 11. 1903)

FRANKLIN	HERBERT	FREDERICK	FLORENCE	LEWIS	MABLE PHYLLIS
A.	NATHANIEL	WALLACE	K.	A. K.	ADELINE
B.	B.	B.	B.	B.	B.
17. 11. 1869	11. 8. 1872	12. 9. 1874	31. 7. 1877	26. 11. 1880	6. 1. 1885
D.	D.	M.	D.	D.	D.
27. 3. 1871	7. 6. 1899	10. 12. 1924-	26. 11. 1962	8. 12. 1908	7. 4. 1962
Laura Poole					
D.					
29. 10. 1949					

MARY ANN HUGHES

B. 6.10.1843

M. 29. 5.1867 - John Sawyer (B.21.12.1841

D. 28. 9.1927 D.16. 5.1926)

EVA	ROBERT	SARAH	PHYLLIS LEONARD ALBERTA	JOHN	CHARLES CORA GEORGE
LAVINA	alfred	ELIZABETH	MONICA	MILTON	JANE
B.	B.	B.	B.	B.	B.
21.5.1868	1.2.1870	18.2.1872	25.10.1873	16.4.1877	15.11.1880
M.	M.		M.	22.9.1875	28.6.1878
29.5.1889			M.	M.	M.
D.	D.	D.			Alice D.
2.5.1931	12.4.1953	8. 2.1878	21. 4.1958	D.	Charles
					Boothby
			18. 6.1928		26.4.1945

ELIJAH HUGHES

B. 6. 4. 1846
M. 15. 12. 1875 - Alice O. Kneeshaw
D. 18. 12. 1923

<u>ROBERT</u> <u>FRANKLIN</u>	IDA <u>EVALEEN</u>	HARRY <u>EDWIN</u>	JOHN <u>WESLEY</u>	EDGAR <u>HARVEY</u>	WILLIAM <u>ELIJAH</u>
B. 22. 10. 1876	B. 16. 4. 1878	B. 24. 1. 1880	B. 18. 11. 1884	B. . 1883	B. 10. 4. 1893
M. 1. 1. 1913 -	M. 16. 4. 1878 -	M. 22. 6. 1907 -	M. 4. 4. 1928 -	M. 7. 4. 1914 -	
Maude Francis	Rev. Wilbert	Florence B.	Jean McLean	Lulu Ann	
D. 4. 9. 1957	McKee	Nesbit	D. 17. 3. 1950	Ritchie	
		D. 10. 3. 1947		D. 16. 4. 1936	

JOHN W. HUGHES

B. 6. 10. 1849

M. 29. 4. 1880 - Janetta Fannerman

D. 22. 10. 1932

JOHN

FRANKIE

HARVEY

EDNA

WARRINGTON

MINA

EDWIN

GERTRUDE

BANNERMAN

Infant Son

B. 8. 1. 1885 B. 18. 4. 1881

B. 8. 11. 1882

B. 12. 1. 1887

B.17. 7. 1894

D. 10. 1. 1885 M. 16. 12. 1903-

M. 12. 12. 1911 -

M. 4. 7. 1906 -

M. 24. 9. 1917(1)

William

Bessie Helen

Elmer Robins

Chester E.

Elsie Frankcon

Stewart

Johnson

D. 20. 5. 1935

McConkey

M. 30. 5. 1935(2)

D. 13. 5. 1960

Phyllis Marie

Plowman

EMILY ELEANOR HUGHES

B. 27. 8. 1853
M. 4. 2. 1881 - George W. Peacock
D. 25. 7. 1900

MELVILLE ERNEST

B. 4. 5. 1882
M. 12. 7. 1906 - Isabel
McFarlane

FLORENCE MAY

B. 17. 2. 1887
M. 20. 5. 1908- William
D. 3. 6. 1952 Parkes

PHILLIS ALMA

B. 19. 5. 1890
M. 20. 5. 1912-Robert
G. Hider

RUSSEL MURWOOD

B. 3. 8. 1892
M. 12. 6. 1918 -
Margaret
Wille

COPY

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March 10, 1965

Mrs. H. G. Graves,
81 Melrose Avenue,
Toronto 12, Ontario

Dear Mrs. Graves:

Thank you so much for lending us the "Biography of William Robert Hughes, as recounted by his family". We found it of great interest, and think that it will be of value to historians. It is particularly important for the light it sheds on homesteading in Manitoba, and on the life of a Methodist minister. We have made a copy of it, which will be readily available to present and future scholars.

On behalf of the Chief Librarian and Board of the Toronto Public Library, may I thank you for showing it to us.

Yours sincerely,

(Sgd.) "Edith G. Firth"

Edith G. Firth, Head Canadian
History & Manuscript Section.

EGF:jm

